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SWARTOUT

THE ARRIVAL
OF KITTY

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NORMAN LEE SWARTOUT

THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY



BAKER'S ROYALTY PLAYS

Walter H. Baker Company, Boston, Mass.

NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

AMAZON ISLE

By Frederick C. Johnson

A joyous farce of gay adventure, in three acts. Six males, six females, and any number of extra people. Scenery, one interior and one exterior. Playing time about two hours. A perfect blend of laughter and excitement. A Chart showing where pirate treasure is buried is mysteriously stolen from Jack, and he and his sweetheart Rose learn that it has equally mysteriously come into her father's possession. Not only that, but the old gent is fitting out his yacht for a cruise to the South Sea Islands. Determined not only to win the girl, but the treasure as well, despite her father's bitter opposition, Jack hurls a ringing defi in his teeth—and then the chase begins. How the opposing factions reach the island of tomtoms and wild women, how they are received by the Amazon queen and her strange tribe of female savages, how they hazard life itself in the quest for gold and jewels, how Jack appears as if from the grave, how the coveted hoard at length reveals itself, and how—of course—Jack forces old Cyrus to say, "Bless you, my children," make up an evening of real thrills, presented in hilariously funny fashion. "Amazon Isle" is a roaring farce, mixed of the laugh ingredients known as sure-fire. It gives unusual opportunity for colorful staging at little or no expense, introducing a funny dress ball in the first act and a band of Amazon savages later, thus admitting any number of extra people as well as the twelve principals. Speaking parts are all good. Cast includes blackface comedian, rube comedian, rube soubrette, and others, in addition to the leads. It is no exaggeration to say that this play averages a laugh every twenty seconds. Royalty \$10.00 for each performance. Price, 50 cents.

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By Laura E. Richards

These six little operettas were written for a boy's camp but may be used equally well in home or school. No scenery is needed. Change of scene may be indicated by an inscription on blackboard or paper; "A Robber's Cavern" being easily transformed into the "King's Palace." The lines are clever and of the sort to throw the story to the audience with a ringing success. The tunes are simple and familiar and may, for the most part, be found in any general collection of popular songs. If the characters are not able to carry a tune, the parts may be spoken. The first opera is timely in view of the journalistic interest in all things Egyptian. Contents: "A Royal Wooing," or "The Wedding of Tut-Ankh-Amen," "Abou Hassan the Wag," "Pretty Perilla," "Aladdin," "The Enchanted Birds," "The Statue Prince." To our customers who have used Mrs. Richards first book, "Eight Fairy Operas" we have no hesitancy in saying that this present volume is a worthy successor. Price, 40 cents.

BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.

The Arrival of Kitty

The Arrival of Kitty

A Farce in Three Acts

By

NORMAN LEE SWARTOUT

*Author of "One of the Eight," "Half-
Back Sandy," etc.*

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

The Arrival of Kitty

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

WILLIAM WINKLER.
AUNT JANE, *his sister.*
JANE, *his niece.*
BOBBIE BAXTER.
BENJAMIN MORE.
TING, *a bell-boy.*
SAM, *a colored porter.*
KITTY, *an actress.*
SUZETTE, *Aunt Jane's maid.*

SCENE.—The office of the Halcyon House, in
the Catskill Mountains.

TIME.—One day last August.

ACT I. Late morning.
ACT II. Early afternoon.
ACT III. Almost evening.



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The Arrival of Kitty

THE ORIGINAL CAST

(As produced at The West End Theatre, New York City,

WILLIAM WINKLER	<i>Eddie Bower.</i>
BOBBIE BAXTER	<i>Hal Johnson.*</i>
BENJAMIN MORE	<i>Edwin Felix.</i>
TING	<i>Effie Pearson.</i>
AUNT JANE	<i>Edith Bower.</i>
JANE	<i>Vinnie Bradcome.</i>
SUZETTE	<i>Pearl Reavere.</i>
SAM	<i>Fred Peel.</i>
KITTY	<i>Eveleen Dunmore.</i>

*NOTE

Mr. Hal Johnson has appeared in the part of Bobbie Baxter over two thousand times.

(RECAP)
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The Arrival of Kitty

THE FIRST ACT

SCENE.—*The office and temporary dining-room of the Halcyon House, a hotel in a secluded part of the Catskill Mountains. There are three openings, L., R. and O. O. leads into hallway or may show exterior mountain backing. In U. R. corner is the hotel office desk, with mail-box, keys, register, stationery, etc., etc. U. L. is a sideboard with dishes, etc. L. I is a small wall desk and R. C., a small table set for meal; L. O. a small settee; chairs, palms, appropriate pictures, rugs, etc., complete furnishings. Over O. D. hangs a large sign marked "Tranquillity," which is the hotel motto.*

As the curtain rises slowly, TING, a small bell-boy, in uniform, and SAM, a big colored porter, in large swallow-tail coat and fanoy vest, with skin tight trousers, are discovered asleep; TING behind table R. C. and SAM with his feet hanging over end of settee,

L. O. *There is a sound of birds and distant cow-bells. After a moment SAM snores, moves, opens his eyes, stretches, yawns, gets up, looks at TING, chuckles softly to himself, mutters "Lazybones!" and then shuffles slowly off O., but returns almost immediately bearing a letter.*

SAM.

[*Shaking TING.*] Mistah Ting!—Mistah Bell-boy! Say, you! [*Gives him push which topples him to floor.*] Wake up!

TING.

[*Grasping his cap under arm like a football.*] Left tackle back. 4-77-6-R-E. [*With head low he rushes around front of table and bumps into SAM.*] Down!

SAM.

[*Pulling himself together.*] Say, you young rascal, what's de mattah?

TING.

Gee, I dreamed I made a touchdown! What do you mean by waking me up at this unearthly hour?

SAM.

'Tain't far from noon—'sides Ah gotta lettah foh yo', Marse Bell-boy.

TING.

[*Snatching letter.*] Well, why didn't you say so? [*Reads letter. Business of SAM reading over shoulder.*] Well, what do you think of that?

SAM.

Anybody dead?

TING.

It's from the boss. Listen! [*Reads letter.*] "Dear Tinglepaugh: I shall be detained by business in New York for a day or two and want you to take charge of the Halcyon House during my absence, not forgetting to preserve the tranquillity which is at present our chief asset."

SAM.

Dat's right!

TING.

Shut up!—"For your services I shall pay in addition to your regular salary" [*to SAM*] which I do not get!

SAM.

Dat's right!

TING.

"Ten per cent. of all business done before my return." Gee!

SAM.

Hurrah !

TING.

"Hoping that I may find a full house awaiting me, I am, yours truly, Calvin Peckwater." ' Is that all the mail there was ?

SAM.

Yaas, suh—'cept a telegram foh de boss.

TING.

Well, why didn't you say so ?

SAM.

Ah did say so, didn't Ah ?

TING.

Silence ! You may fetch the message, slave.

SAM.

[*Blinking.*] Ah said de telegram was foh de boss.

TING.

Well, I'm the boss, am I not ?

SAM.

My boss ?

TING.

Certainly. Didn't you hear what I read to you ?

SAM.

Yaas, ma'am, but — [Scratches head.]
Wal, wal, so yo' am de boss, eh?

TING.

I am the boss. Now bring me the telegram,
snake

SAM.

All right—*worm*. [Gets telegram from desk
and hands it to TING. *Half aside.*] De
idocity ob dat kid bein' mah boss!
[Mumbles to himself.]

TING.

[After reading telegram.] The rush has
commenced. We're going to do a great busi-
ness, Sam.

SAM.

Am it possible dat a boarder am gwinter
arrive?

TING.

Not one, but a whole family of boarders—
and I get ten per cent. How's this for be-
ginners' luck? [Reading telegram.] "Will
arrive Halcyon House noon with two ladies,
maid and dog. William Winkler."

SAM.

Sounds rich, don't he?

TING.

I hope he's a good spender. Did the bus meet the 11:20?

SAM.

Yaas, ma'am.

TING.

They ought to be here by this time. [SAM is laughing.] Say, you make me nervous. What's the matter?

SAM.

[Laughing.] Ah was jes' thinkin' day nobody ain't a gwinter believe yo' de boss. He, he, he!

TING.

And why not?

SAM.

[Pointing to brass buttons on TING's uniform.] Dose brass buttons am gwinter tell de tale. He, he, he! [Pulls down vest.] Ah ain't got no brass buttons on me! He, he, he!

TING.

Gee whiz! [Thinks.] Ah! [Puts arm about SAM familiarly.] Say, old man, how'd you like to lend me your coat for a couple of days? Uh?

SAM.

[*Crossing.*] And me in mah shirt-sleeves?
No, sah.

TING.

[*Removing his jacket.*] Not for a minute.
Here. A fair exchange gathers no moss.
[*Voice heard off stage. "Whoa!" They listen.*]
They've come.

WINKLER.

[*Off stage c.*] Is *this* the Halcyon House?
[*Voice heard off stage. "Yep."*] Doesn't look
much like the pictures, does it?
[*Voice heard off stage. "Nope. Git
ap!" Cracks whip.*]

TING.

Sam, I'll appoint you my assistant. Do as I
say and I'll give you two per cent. of all I
make.

SAM.

Money speaks ter me! [*Removes coat with
alacrity. TING helps him on with jacket, which
is much too small. Business.*] Yo' kin have
everything Ah got on, Mistah Boss, foh two
per cent. [*Crosses, trying to make jacket fit.*]
Trifle snug, ain't it?

TING.

Olinging effect is all the fashion this year. Now hurry to receive the guests and conduct them hither.

[Places his cap on SAM'S head; it is much too small.]

SAM.

[As he goes.] Say, Mr. Ting, it may be stylish, but Ah can't help feelin' kinder immodest in dis heah costume.

[Exit C. Goes L. TING laughs, puts on SAM'S coat, which is many sizes too large; turns up the sleeves, puts pillow in front and takes important attitude behind desk.]

WINKLER.

[Off stage.] Where is the office of this man-forsaken place?

SAM.

Straight ahead to your left, suh!

[Enter WINKLER, a jolly looking man of fifty-five, dressed in a fashionable business suit. Gray hair and small side whiskers; glasses on cord. SAM follows with his suit-case.]

WINKLER.

Good-morning, sir.

TING.

Good-morning and welcome to our mountain.
[*They shake hands.*]

WINKLER.

My name is William Winkler, from the city—you had my wire?

TING.

Ah yes, Mr. Winkler. Will you scribble in our autograph album?

WINKLER.

Yes.

[*He writes.*]

SAM.

[*Pointing to buttons on jacket.*] Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief —— [*Significant look at TING.*] Eeney, meeny, miney, mo ——

WINKLER.

[*Returning pen to TING.*] You have made reservations?

TING.

I think we can accommodate you, sir, in spite of the fact that we're having a splendid season.

SAM.

Catch a nigger by the toe!

TING.

The ladies won't mind doubling, with room
for maid adjoining ?

WINKLER.

Very good.

TING.

And you and the canine in No. 17.

WINKLER.

What floor ?

TING.

First door to the right. Beautiful room,
southern exposure.

WINKLER.

Now, look here, I don't want any exposures.
That's why I'm here—to get away from things.

TING.

Ah, but you've come to the right place, sir.
Wonderful how nutritious the mountain air is.
Why, when I came here two months ago, I was
a mere stripling and look at me now.

SAM.

An' look at me ! [*Tries to pull down jacket.*]

WINKLER.

Well, all I care about is the seclusion. Seems
quiet ; put me down for those rooms.

TING.

We're very glad to put you up, sir. I'll make a special rate for the party, including canine, at fifty dollars a day.

WINKLER.

[*Shocked.*] Could I borrow an ear trumpet?

SAM.

[*Counting buttons.*] If he hollers, let him go.

TING.

[*In a louder voice.*] I say forty dollars a day with dog.

WINKLER.

How much is it with meals?

TING.

All meals à la carte, sir.

SAM.

[*To himself.*] And Ah git two per cent.
[*Figures on small pad.*]

WINKLER.

Well, my sister-in-law pays the bills, but, dear me, isn't that a little steep?

TING.

But remember where you are, Mr. Winkler—on the side of a mountain—of course it seems steep to you, but then everything in the mountains is high, you know.

SAM.

Oh, yaas. [TING *signals* SAM to keep quiet.

WINKLER.

Is it possible?

TING.

Ah, but consider your closeness to nature. Oh, you'll love it here, Mr. Winkler, especially at night, the noise is so silent, and then to be lulled into dreamland by the distant croak of the mud-turtles!

WINKLER.

Let that pass and come to important matters. First of all, where do you keep the bar?

[*Goes down R.*

TING.

Bar! Bar!—Now where have I heard that word before? Bar? [Coming out C.

SAM.

[L. C.] Dere's a crow-bar in de cellar.

TING.

[*Near WINKLER.*] Oh, I know what you mean, but I'm very sorry to say that intoxicating beverages are strictly prohibited at the Halcyon House.

WINKLER.

I can see right now that this is no place for me. When's the next bus?

[*Crosses to C. and up.* SAM stops him and pulling brush from pocket brushes him vigorously.]

TING.

[*R. C.*] Just a moment, Mr. Winkler. I was about to say we sometimes make an exception in special cases and for a consideration I think I can lift the lid occasionally.

SAM.

[*Mumbling to himself.*] Ah could see dat two per cent. gwin' right out de door.

WINKLER.

[*C.*] That sounds better, but I must warn you to keep the bar bills separate from my sister-in-law's. She's very strict; has a perfect horror of whiskey, and the stage, and—oh, well, you know the kind.

AUNT JANE.

[*Off stage.*] William!

THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY

WINKLER.

Yes, my dear! That's she.

AUNT JANE.

[*As she enters.*] Can't we go to our rooms?
I'm a perfect fright!

[*AUNT JANE is a typical old maid
of about fifty—homely, ludicrously
dressed in inappropriate style and
colors. SUZETTE, a pretty maid, fol-
lows, with dog on chain.*]

WINKLER.

Certainly, my dear. How do you like the place?

AUNT JANE.

The scenery is magnificent, William, and I think when I recover from the fatigue of the journey it will be delightful.

TING.

We shall do our best to make your sojourn
memorable, madam. [*Crosses to c.*]

AUNT JANE.

[*To SUZETTE.*] Isn't he cute? I'm sure we
shall like it with such an attractive host!

TING.

[*Bowing low.*] Madam, I am your servant.

[AUNT JANE *gives silly giggle.*]

AUNT JANE.

What numbers are we, William?

TING.

Sam, conduct the ladies to Suite sixteen.

SAM.

Dis way, ladies.

[*Opens door on L. and goes off.*]

AUNT JANE.

[*Laughing and coquetting in a silly manner.*
WINKLER and TING *talk.*] Sweet sixteen!
He, he, he! [*Hiding her face.*] How did he
know! He, he, he! Come, Suzette! [*Exit, L.*]

WINKLER.

[*To SUZETTE.*] Where's Jane?

[*Crosses to C.*]

SUZETTE.

On the piazza, monsieur.

[*Exit, L., with dog.*]

WINKLER.

[*Going to U. C.*] Jane! Jane! Come in
here! [*After a moment JANE enters C., slowly.*]

She is a pretty girl of eighteen and simply but becomingly dressed in traveling costume.] My niece, Jane, Mr.—Mr. ——— [Down L.

TING.

Tinglepaugh! How do you do? [*Shakes hands.*] Glad to know you. Hope you'll like the Halcyon House, Miss Jane. [*Crosses to her.*] Will you ring if you want anything, Mr. Winkler? I'll just take a final look at your room. [Exit, R.

WINKLER.

Now, Jane, cheer up! I want you to begin to enjoy this place right away because it's frightfully expensive.

JANE.

I've never seen anything worse. Oh, Uncle Will, why did you bring us to this lonely place? [*Crosses to sofa.*

WINKLER.

Thought you needed a change, my dear. [Sits R. C.

JANE.

It's upset all my plans and it'll be quite expensive to have my new teacher come way up here twice a week. [*Sits on sofa.*

WINKLER.

Your teacher?

JANE.

Yes. I haven't told you but I'm going to study with Mr. Boothby, the great tragedian.

WINKLER.

What!

[*Rises.*

JANE.

Yes, I've decided to go on the stage.

WINKLER.

My dear girl, whatever put such nonsense into your little curly head?

[*Crosses to her. Enter SAM, L., whistling.*
Exit C.

JANE.

Well, the absurdity of father's will is going to make me a pauper and I don't want Aunt Jane to support us both, and so I've got to earn my living in some way, haven't I?

WINKLER.

Not on your life! All you've got to do is to marry.

JANE.

Oh, uncle, don't begin that again. Why, I've never even seen this man you want me to accept.

WINKLER.

Neither have I—but he must be all right; your father was a good judge; at any rate, we must not ignore your father's last request. Now his will distinctly says that unless you become the wife of his friend and preserver, Benjamin More, within one year, all his hard-earned fortune goes to an institution for feeble-minded cats, or some such rot.

JANE.

Father was out of his mind when he made that will. It's too absurd to be considered.

WINKLER.

Absurd or not, Jane, it's law.

[Enter SAM, C., with a great load of baggage, bundles, bird-cage, etc. He is whistling vigorously and crosses between them in a roundabout way to door L., where he exits. They look on in surprise.]

JANE.

Mr. More doesn't seem very anxious to marry me or he'd have been here long before this. It's too late now, so why discuss it; the year is up and —

WINKLER.

Not quite up, Jane — *[Looks at watch.]*
There are still five hours left.

JANE.

Yes, but he's in Italy, so —

WINKLER.

Not much. Uncle Willie has been busy with the cables and not only located the long lost More, but expects him to meet us here before five o'clock. His boat was due at ten and I'm waiting for a message now.

JANE.

I begin to understand. So this is a scheme of yours to bring me to this lonely place and force me into this awful marriage. Why is it you are so concerned about my affairs?

WINKLER.

I'll tell you, Jane. It's because, through a technical flaw in the will, the ten thousand dollars my brother apportioned to me will be sacrificed to charity along with your share, unless you marry Benjamin More before six o'clock to-day.

JANE.

I thought as much. [*Crosses.*] So you are willing to sell a woman's happiness for a little money?

WINKLER.

You have no right to think you won't be happy before you've even seen him.

JANE.

You forget, uncle, that I'm not exactly free —

WINKLER.

Now look here, Jane, if you're thinking of that kid, Bobbie Baxter, you want to forget it. Why, that boy isn't worth the glue on a one cent postage stamp.

JANE.

[*Crossing.*] But he'll stick to me just the same.

WINKLER.

[*Losing temper.*] Bah! Young lady, don't forget that I'm your guardian and what I say goes. Now you're going to marry Mr. Benjamin More before six o'clock to-day if I have to drag you to the altar by the head of your hair. [*Walks to door R.*] Think it over.

[*Exit, R. Enter SAM, L., and starts off C.*]

JANE.

Boy! Boy! Bell-boy!

SAM.

Oh, me! — Yassum. [*Business with jacket.*]
Yaassum.

JANE.

Can you tell me what time the next train for New York leaves?

SAM.

Yaas'm. De nex' train, if it gits heah at all, will leave somewhar' in de vecinity of ten moments pas' one.

JANE.

Thank you. Please have a taxicab ready in time to catch it. *[Goes L.]*

SAM.

Wal, Ah beg your excuse, but de cabs am all busy to-day,—but Ah think Ah kin git you an air-ship! *[Laughs.]*

JANE.

Anything as long as it gets me away from here. I'll be ready in five minutes. *[Exit, L.]*

SAM.

Somepin wrong! Dat woman ain't happy. Ah kin see dat wid my eyes shut!

[Enter BOB, a clean cut and good-looking chap of twenty-two.]

BOB.

[Throwing his suit-case to floor.] Boy! Boy!

SAM.

Wonderful, how youthful dis costume makes me.

BOB.

Where's the proprietor? [Crosses to L.

SAM.

You mean de boss?

BOB.

Yes, where is he?

SAM.

Ah ain't sure but Ah think he's countin' money—jes' a moment, suh!

[Exit, R. I. BOB walks about as if looking for some one. Goes U. C.]

TING.

[Entering from R. I,—talking back. SAM follows.] Yes, ten dollars a day is cheap when you consider the tranquillity. [Starts to greet BOB.] I think we have just one room left, sir — [Recognizes BOB.] Bob!

BOB.

Ting!

TING.

Give me the grip!

[They shake. Business for SAM with BOB's case.]

BOB.

[L. C.] Well, in the name of Yale, what's the answer to it? Does the team train up here?

TING.

[R. C.] No; you know I'm one of those lucky chaps that have to work during vacation—got a job up here as bell-boy—boss is away and I am "IT!"

BOB.

Seems to agree with you.

[*Indicating his increased size.*]

TING.

Sh! I'm disguised as a gentleman. Samuel and I have traded coats for the time being.

SAM.

An' a fair exchange is a eber present help in time ob trouble.

TING.

But what have you been doing with yourself since you graduated?

BOB.

Looking for work, principally.

[*Crosses to R.*]

TING.

Tried the stage? I've often heard the fellows say you could hold your own with many of the best professionals.

BOB.

I never was any good except as the leading lady, and managers won't pay for an imitation when they can get the real thing.

TING.

I suppose not, but no one could ever tell you from the real thing, Bobbie Baxter! [*Laughs.*

BOB.

Oh, everything's against me. I'm a candidate for the Down and Out Club, I guess.
[*Crosses to L.*

TING.

Oh, cheer up! When you've taken our tranquillity cure you'll be unanimously elected to the Up and In Society. Did you get one of our booklets?

BOB.

No!

TING.

Then how did you ever happen to strike the Halcyon House?

BOB.

I'll tell you. Sit down. [*They sit on sofa.*]
Ting, have you ever been in—in love?

TING.

Not as though you'd notice it. But I've had the measles.

BOB.

Well, you're lucky.

TING.

Which is another way of saying that the lady has returned your photograph.

BOB.

It's this way. Her guardian is determined that she shall marry another and when he sees that I am making progress he takes her away. But Bobbie Baxter is no quitter in this game, and I'm hot on their trail. I've discovered that they left Weehawken early this morning, and got off at Catskill, and I'm not going to stop until I've searched every hotel and boarding house in these mountains.

[*Rises. Crosses to R. C.*]

TING.

Our air is certainly reviving you, Bobbie.
[*Rises.*] But tell me this: was your lady one of those beautiful ——

BOB.

That's she! Oh, Ting! Don't keep me in suspense. Have you seen her?

TING.

[O.] I kind of imagine that the kind of a girl Bobbie Baxter would pick out must be something like she who arrived here within the hour.

BOB.

Oh, Ting! Can it be possible?

TING.

If her name is Jane —

BOB.

It is! It is! Tell me where she is!

[Hugs TING.]

TING.

You must be one of the things Uncle William is trying to get away from.

BOB.

Thinks I'm not good enough, eh? I'd hate to tell all I know about old Winkler, the hypocrite! He needn't talk! I'll show him!

[Crosses to L.]

TING.

But you mustn't let him know you're here until we find out how the land lies.

BOB.

Oh, but I must see her!

TING.

Of course—and I'll arrange an interview right away.

BOB.

Ting, you're the best ever!

TING.

In the meantime you'd better disappear. Sam [*waking him*], take this gentleman to Number 27—any other baggage, Bob?

[SAM goes U. C.]

BOB.

All my worldly goods, a lot of old costumes, are in a trunk at the station.

TING.

See that the trunk is brought up some time during the day, Sam.

SAM.

Yas, sah! Dis way, sah.

[Exit.]

TING.

I'll call you as soon as I can, Bob.

BOB.

All right, but remember the impatience of lovers, Ting, and hustle, will you?

[Follows SAM off C. to R.]

TING.

[Laughing and shaking his head.] Gee! It must be an awful disease!

[Enter WINKLER from his room R., smoking a large cigar.]

WINKLER.

It isn't too early for a bit of lunch, is it, Mr. Tangle-foot?

TING.

[Holding chair at table, L.] No, sir; I'll send you a waiter at once.

WINKLER.

[As he sits.] Thank you. *[Sits R. of table.]*

TING.

I'm afraid you haven't read the rules of the house, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

My boy, I can't read. I was educated in a Correspondence School. *[Laughs.]*

TING.

Well, we don't allow smoking on the premises.

WINKLER.

Don't allow smoking? What!

TING.

Contaminates our air, sir.

WINKLER.

Well, of all places—but there must be some exception to your rules.

TING.

Of course we sometimes make an exception for a consideration.

WINKLER.

What do you consider a consideration?

TING.

The rule is "No smoking allowed," but if you'll promise to do it quietly, I think a two-spot will turn my head.

WINKLER.

I should think it would. Ten cents for the cigar and two dollars to use it. Well, I thought the Waldorf and the Saint Wreckus were expensive—but I'd pass away without it, so charge it up, charge it up!

TING.

Will you sign, sir? [*Hands him pad.*]

WINKLER.

[*Reading.*] "One noiseless smoke, \$2.00."
[*Signs.*] Now send me the waiter, please.

TING.

Yes, sir. [*Takes telegram from desk.*] Oh, by the way, there was a telegram came for you this morning. [*Exit, c.*]

WINKLER.

[*Putting on glasses and opening message.*] Must be from More. [*Reads.*] "Boat in port. Will take first train for Halcyon after docking."—Ah!—"Make all arrangements for immediate marriage. B. More." [*Joyfully.*] Arrangements! You bet I'll make arrangements—and the prenuptial festivities shall begin at once.[*Rings bell on table violently; continues until SAM speaks. Enter SAM, c., in a hurry, struggling to get into a large white apron.*]

SAM.

Did you ring, suh?

WINKLER.

No. I was whistling. Are you the waiter?

SAM.

Ah'm whateber yo' rang foh, suh.

WINKLER.

Then disappear immediately, and return sooner with a study in black and white. Are you wise?

SAM.

Where wisdom is bliss 'tis folly to be ignorant.

WINKLER.

That's the idea, Sam; bring me a nice long glass of bliss.

SAM.

[*Going.*] Yaas, suh! Yaas, suh!

WINKLER.

And, waiter!

SAM.

Yaas, suh!

WINKLER.

Don't keep me long in "ignorance," will you?

SAM.

No, suh—no, suh!

[*Exit C. to L. Enter AUNT JANE without hat and gloves. Crosses L.*

AUNT JANE.

Ah, William, is luncheon ready?

WINKLER.

Yes, my dear. Come right along and sit down and listen to the glad tidings; More will be here on the next train and his marriage with Jane takes place at six o'clock this evening.

AUNT JANE.

And has she consented?

WINKLER.

Oh, she can't refuse now.

AUNT JANE.

Oh, I'm so relieved to think she won't go on the stage. You know what an aversion I have for actresses.

WINKLER.

Yes, I know, I know.

AUNT JANE.

Almost as great an aversion as I have for strong drink.

WINKLER.

[*Thinking of drink he has ordered.*] Great Scott!

AUNT JANE.

William, you seem to be a great success at arranging marriages. Don't you suppose you could manage to arrange one for me?

[Giggles.

WINKLER.

Impossible!

AUNT JANE.

It's an awful thing to pass into spinsterhood unwooed, unhonored and unloved.

WINKLER.

I suppose it is.

AUNT JANE.

Of course I'm getting along now. I shall never see thirty again, you know.

WINKLER.

[To himself.] Not with a telescope.

AUNT JANE.

But I'm still girlish in my ways and Suzette says I'm really beautiful at times.

WINKLER.

Especially at times.

AUNT JANE.

The fact is, brother, I'm lonely. Can't you find me a husband?

WINKLER.

Well, you see, Jane, I'm very busy just now and, of course, my time is money and ——

AUNT JANE.

I was just coming to that, William. Your hatred of all that is evil, your freedom from all bad habits, and especially your aversion to the stage and to liquor, have touched me deeply.

WINKLER.

[*Nervously.*] I'm afraid you flatter, my dear.

AUNT JANE.

And I want you to understand that you are not to be forgotten when I am no more.

WINKLER.

[*Pretending to be affected.*] Oh, sister, dear sister, may that time be long delayed—[*to himself*] when I shall be forgotten.

[*Wipes his eyes.* SAM enters O.

SAM.

Bery sorry, suh, but—[WINKLER *makes signs to SAM*] de boss says dat drinks served in de café am extra.

AUNT JANE.

Drinks! What does this mean, William?

WINKLER.

Mean? Why, why, it means that I was thirsty and ordered a drink of—of—eh—what do you call it, waiter?

SAM.

You called it “bliss,” suh.

AUNT JANE.

It sounds suspicious, William. [To SAM.] Is it intoxicating, my good man?

WINKLER.

Aunt Jane! How could you? Why, it's a new kind of cowless milk that grows in the mountains, isn't it, waiter?

[Gives SAM a wink.

SAM.

Ah'm ignorant.

WINKLER.

I should say you were. Take the lady's order and leave the “milk” until later.

SAM.

[Blinking.] Yaas, suh!

AUNT JANE.

I'm not very hungry this noon, but you may bring me some grapes—and ——

SAM.

[*Stands with pad and pencil.*] Grape fruit or grape nuts, missus?

AUNT JANE.

[*Speaking rapidly.*] Just plain grapes, and, let me see, I think I'll have an oyster cocktail, some chestnut soup, whitebait on toast, squab stuffed with *pâté de foies gras*, mint jelly, hash browned potatoes, fried green peppers, hearts of celery, caviare tarts, a Waldorf salad, marshmellow parfait, macaroons, nuts, mixed fruit, a large cup of French coffee, and ——

WINKLER.

[*Who has been trying to stop her.*] Jane, oh Jane, I beg your pardon for interrupting but I feel it my solemn duty to warn you that we are not at a Childs' Restaurant, we are at the Halcyon House, for grown-up billionaires, and the prices are somewhat upward.

AUNT JANE.

Oh, thank you, William—in that case I'll just have a cup of coffee and rolls.

WINKLER.

Ditto for me, Samuel.

SAM.

Will you hab sugah, suh?

WINKLER.

Sugar! Why, certainly, of course —
[SAM starts.] Wait a moment—sugar extra?

SAM.

Fifty cents, suh.

AUNT JANE.

Oh, as long as we're here, William, let's enjoy ourselves.

WINKLER.

As you will, Jane, but it seems wicked.
[Pauses.] Waiter, two *small* lumps of sugar.

SAM.

Yaas, suh.

AUNT JANE.

And, boy—one spoon will be enough.

WINKLER.

Sure, I can stir mine with a lead pencil.
And, Samuel, you needn't bring me any saucer.

SAM.

No, suh! [To himself.] And Ah gits two per cent.!

WINKLER.

After Jane's wedding we'll get back to the Plaza where things are reasonable. Oh, sister,

you were about to say when we were interrupted —— ?

AUNT JANE.

Oh, yes. What I started to say, William, was this : If you will use your influence in making me the better half of some good man, it will not be necessary for you to wait until I die before coming into your share.

WINKLER.

What a beautiful thought !

AUNT JANE.

On the day of my marriage you will receive a check for ten thousand dollars.

WINKLER.

[*Trying to appear unconcerned.*] I certainly must have ear trouble. You know, Jane, it sounded to me just as though you said ten thousand dollars then. It's a funny thing !

AUNT JANE.

Your ears do not deceive you, brother.

WINKLER.

You mean that I get ten thousand for finding a man willing to marry you ?

AUNT JANE.

Never have I been more in earnest.

WINKLER.

Then start the trousseau at once. We'll have a double wedding. Before sunset you'll be a married woman—if there's a single man this side of the Mississippi. I'll find somebody or bust!

AUNT JANE.

[*Overcome.*] Oh, William, this is so sudden. It quite takes my breath away! [*Rises, goes down c.*] My heart is thumping so fast that I believe I shall have to go and lie down for a few moments. Have the coffee sent to my room. [*She reels.*]

WINKLER.

[*Catching her.*] For Heaven's sake, Jane, don't faint in the Halcyon. It's liable to be extra. Suzette! Suzette! [*Fans her.*] Jane, compose yourself; you're not married yet.

AUNT JANE.

Be sure to get me the best you can, won't you, brother-in-law?

WINKLER.

Steady, old girl, steady! I'll do my best, but—but of course you can't be too particular in a case like this. [*SUZETTE appears L.*] Take her away, Susy.

AUNT JANE.

[*As SUZETTE takes her off.*] At last! My dream is coming true, at last!

[*Exeunt AUNT JANE and SUZETTE, L.*]

WINKLER.

[*To himself, elated.*] Ten thousand added to ten thousand—twenty thousand dollars! [*Dances about.*] And when I get it, Kitty, old girl, you'll have a diamond necklace that'll make the bald-headed row sit up and take notice. Oh, joy!

[*Enter SAM with two cups of coffee on tray, C. L.*]

SAM.

[*Watching WINKLER as he dances about.*] 'Cuse me, suh, but de coffee and sugar —

WINKLER.

Take it to Suite sixteen. And then you may bring me that drink I ordered.

SAM.

Yaas, suh,—Suite *sixty-one*, did you say, suh? [*Exit, L.*]

WINKLER.

[*Lost in thought again.*] I'll get that ten thousand if I have to dress up some hobo!

[*Sits on sofa. Enter TING, C. L.*]

TING.

Anything I can do for you, Mr. Winkler?

WINKLER.

By Jove, I believe you can.

TING

Good!

WINKLER.

Am I right in surmising that you are the product of a Brain Factory?

TING.

Yale is responsible for any gray matter I happen to possess.

WINKLER.

The very man I want. I have a problem I desire to dip into an educated think-tank. How much?

TING.

Depends entirely upon the difficulty of the solution.

WINKLER.

Where can I find a husband for my sister-in-law?

TING.

[*Surprised.*] Well, seeing it's you, Mr. Winkler, I'll do it for a century note.

WINKLER.

A hundred dollars! You're engaged.

TING.

So is Aunt Jane. The solution is very simple.

WINKLER.

Simple! I guess you didn't take a good look at her, did you?

TING.

Oh, I've seen worse with husbands.

WINKLER.

You must have traveled more than I. But simplify.

TING.

[*Up R., getting telephone book.*] Well, the first step is to call up the Matrimonial Agency.

WINKLER.

Matrimonial Agency! By Jove!

[*Crosses to R.*

TING.

[*Looking through book.*] They supply men in large or small quantities.

[*Down C.*

WINKLER.

That shows what a college education'll do.
I'd never have thought of such a thing in a
thousand years. [Sits R.]

TING.

[*Searching.*] Um!—Let's see—K, L, M, Ma
—m-a-n, man——

WINKLER.

That's what we're after.

TING.

Manhattan—ah! Matrimonial Agency, 23
Jay Street, Number 711, Madison. [*In*
'phone.] Hello! Get me New York right
away, please.

[*Enter SAM with a high-ball on tray, c.*

SAM.

Heah am your "milk," Mr. Bliss.

WINKLER.

Ah, thank you, Samuel—just in time to brace
me up for the busiest day of my life.

SAM.

[*Offering bill.*] Sign, please.

WINKLER.

[*Taking bill.*] I'm almost afraid to face it.
[*Puts on glasses ; reads.*] One highball, twenty cents; glass five cents; ice three cents,—cheaper than I expected; total, *one dollar* and twenty-eight cents. [*Pause.*] Did you do this on an adding machine, Samuel?

SAM.

Yaas, suh—in my head.

WINKLER.

Will you please excuse me for inquiring what the extra simolian is for?

SAM.

[*Pause.*] License, suh!

WINKLER.

[*As he signs.*] Individual licenses are a new one on me. But I'm learning.

[*SAM goes out with bill, O. L.*]

TING.

[*In 'phone.*] Hello! Give me seven and a couple of aces, please.

WINKLER.

[*Looking at his glass.*] One hundred and twenty-eight cents.—I must take it slowly.

TING.

[*In 'phone.*] Hello! Is this the homo factory? I mean the Matrimonial Bureau? [WINKLER *interested.*] Yes. It is? Well, connect me with the Men's Furnishing Department, will you, please? [WINKLER *drinks.*] Good-morning. Will you take my order, please? Ready?—Now, have you some nice, fresh men in this morning? What?—Not a man on the place? [WINKLER *has glass half-way up to his lips and holds it there.*] Oh, I see. Yes, well, if you should have any returned send them immediately to the Halcyon House, Catskill Mountains. It's a fine chance for the right man. All right. Thank you. Good-bye. [*Hangs up receiver.*] Pshaw! They say men are very scarce at this time of year.

WINKLER.

It isn't going to be as simple as you thought, is it?

TING.

One was out on approval, but they think he may be returned before night and you heard what I told them.

WINKLER.

[*Going R.*] Well, let me know if he gets here. Meanwhile I'll go and enjoy my southern exposure. [*Exit, R. Bell rings off C*

TING.

Coming, coming!

[*Exit, C. Enter from C., BOB; enter from L., JANE.*]

BOB.

Jane!

JANE.

Bobbie!

BOB.

My darling!

JANE.

What are you doing here?

BOB.

I came for you, Jane.

JANE.

Oh, Bob, I'm afraid you're too late. Benjamin More has landed.

BOB.

But you're not married to him?

JANE.

No—not yet.

BOB.

Then let's get away from here at once.

JANE.

Let me think first.

BOB.

Jane, you do care for me, don't you?

JANE.

I don't exactly hate you.

BOB.

You love me and you know it. Jane!

[He takes her in his arms. WINKLER enters R., suddenly.]

WINKLER.

I bet that'll be extra! Mr. More, I'm glad to see — *[BOB turns.]* You! You!
[He struggles for words.]

BOB.

Yes, me.

WINKLER.

Jane, you go finish reading "Paradise Lost" to your aunt. *[Exit JANE slowly, L.]* I won't waste any words with you, you young scoundrel! Get out of this hotel! Get off from this mountain. My niece is engaged to Mr. Benjamin More and if you don't disappear before he comes, there'll be another murder mystery for the papers.

BOB.

Mr. Winkler, I ask you, man to man, to put yourself in my place. Jane and I love each other. Give me a chance.

WINKLER.

I'll give you just fifteen minutes to pack up and get out.

[Enter TING, C., with letter from L.]

TING.

Special delivery for you, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

[Taking letter.] Special delivery? Why—
I ——— *[Puts on glasses and proceeds to open.]*

BOB.

[Taking TING aside.] Ting, I want a little fatherly advice. *[They start up.]*

TING.

I told you not to let him see you yet.

BOB.

I know, but he came in when I wasn't looking, and ———

[Exeunt TING and BOB, C. Go R.]

WINKLER.

[*Raising letter to nose.*] Some lady, eh? By Jove! [*Sits at table R. C.*] Looks like Kitty's writing. [*Begins to read.*] "Dear old boy"—it's Kitty all right—"Dear old boy, what has become of you? Haven't seen you since our little trip to Coney. I have just learned of your whereabouts and before beginning rehearsals I think I shall join you for a little mountain air."—Great Scott! Not if I know it!—"I am homesick for one of your old time champagne suppers. You may expect me almost any time. With love and a thousand kisses, I am, your own little tootsy-wootsy, Kitty."—Holy Moses! What shall I do?—"P. S. I enclose my latest photograph." [*Takes out photo.*] Fine! There's no use talking, Kitty certainly is a beautiful woman. [*Turns photo.*] "In remembrance of our quiet little blow-out at Dreamland, July 4th." [*Taking envelope. Leaves letter and photo on table.*] Just as well not to have my name connected with a letter like this. [*Destroys envelope and goes to desk.*] And now to keep Kitty away. If sister-in-law Jane ever found out that I had a speaking acquaintance with a real live actress—that ten thousand would fade away into airy nothingness. [*Writes.*] "Miss Kitty Benders, Imperial Hotel, Broadway, New York." [*Continues to write. Enter TING, C., with vase of*

flowers and puts it on table R. C., and in straightening things discovers the letter and photograph which WINKLER has left. He tiptoes out with them. WINKLER writing telegram.] "Don't under any circumstances come up here. Will meet you at Rector's Thursday, 7 P. M., and explain all. Old Boy." [*Rising.*] Now I'll just give [*crossing to R.*] this to the operator myself, and—[*looking for letter*] operator myself, and—and—— [*Blinks.*] Why, I'd swear I—— [*Searches in pockets.*] Great Scott! That's the queerest thing—— [*Crosses to L. Looks through desk; throws papers around, etc.*] How careless!

[*Empties waste basket. Finally gets on his knees and looks under sofa. Business. TING brings BOB to C., and putting the letter and photo in his hands, pushes him into room. Exit TING. BOB conceals letter and photo and comes carelessly down whistling.*]

BOB.

Matter, Uncle William, lost anything?

WINKLER.

[*L. C. Jumping up and trying to appear unconcerned.*] No—what makes you think—— Didn't I tell you to disappear?

BOB.

I thought you "*looked*" as though you'd lost something, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

[*Watching BOB closely.*] You haven't found anything, have you?

BOB.

Why, yes, I think I have.

WINKLER.

You have? Where?

BOB.

[*Quietly.*] Right here in this room.

WINKLER.

[*Trying to control himself.*] What—what was it?

BOB.

Well, Winkler, since you seem to be so interested I'll tell you. I've found ——

WINKLER.

Yes?

BOB.

I've found that I'm very much in love with Jane.

WINKLER.

[*Relieved, laughing.*] Oh, is that all?
[*Crosses to R.*]

BOB.

That is a good deal, Winkler, but it is not all.

WINKLER.

[*Again interested.*] No?

BOB.

[*Quietly.*] I have also found that you will give your consent to our marriage.

WINKLER.

Young man, how dare you insult me by any such insinuation?
[*Starts off R.*]

BOB.

One moment if you please, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

[*Stopping.*] Well?

BOB.

Would it pain you very much to prolong our acquaintance for just about two minutes?

WINKLER.

[*Starting again. Feeling in pocket.*] It would.

BOB.

I only wanted to ask you something about *Dreamland*.

WINKLER.

[*Coming back. Eyeing BOB suspiciously.*]
What's that? Did you say *Dreamland*?

BOB.

Yes; what kind of a place is it? I'm going there on my wedding trip.

WINKLER.

How should I know?

BOB.

You've been there, of course?

WINKLER.

Well, yes, I've been there several times. Who hasn't?

BOB.

I haven't. By the way, it was pretty quiet there on the Fourth of July, wasn't it, Mr. Winkler?

WINKLER.

Young man, what's your game?

BOB.

My game is to win! And by George, you can't stop me this time. [C.] I've got my hand full of trumps and the widow up my sleeve and her name is "Kitty."

WINKLER.

[R. C.] You're a joker, Bobbie; you speak in a language that I don't understand.

BOB.

Then perhaps your eyesight is better than your earsight. [*Displays letter and photo.*] Perhaps you'll understand this letter and this photograph. One of the most notorious women on the New York stage.

WINKLER.

[*Glancing at picture and trying to appear unconcerned.*] Deuced pretty girl—but not good company for a boy of your age, Bobbie.

[*Tries to seize them but fails.*]

BOB.

No, you don't! You can have them when I'm through and not before.

WINKLER.

Ha!—well,—what's your price?

BOB.

Jane.

WINKLER.

And if I refuse?

BOB.

Aunt Jane and More shall know you for what you are—a hypocrite!

WINKLER.

Ha! Do you suppose they'll believe your word against mine? [*Crosses to L.*]

BOB.

But I hold the proofs.

WINKLER.

Undeveloped proofs, yes.

BOB.

But the photo seems to be a very good exposure, Mr. Winkler. Do I get Jane?

WINKLER.

My answer is the negative.

BOB.

Jane! Oh, Jane!

[*Goes to door L., calls off.* WINKLER
crosses back to R., nervous, thinking.]

JANE.

[*Off L.*] Yes, Bobbie!

BOB.

Can you and Aunt Jane come in here right away?

JANE.

In just a minute, Bob.

BOB.

[*C. to WINKLER.*] And even if they shouldn't believe these, I can send for the lady herself.

WINKLER.

[*B. C.*] You don't know her address.

BOB.

Oh, I won't have any trouble if I need her.

WINKLER.

But what good'll it do you? Kitty knows her business. She's game all right.

BOB.

And so is Bobbie Baxter. Game to the bitter end and don't you forget it.

[*Enter JANE and AUNT JANE, L.*]

JANE.

Here we are, Bobbie.

AUNT JANE.

Oh, William, I hope nothing serious has happened.

WINKLER.

Nothing to get excited over, my dear.

AUNT JANE.

Then why did you send for us in such a hurry? [*Sits on sofa L. JANE behind her.*]

BOB.

[*c.*] I sent, Aunt Jane.

JANE.

Oh, Bobbie, be careful what you do.

WINKLER.

Mr. Baxter has a little confession he wants to get off his mind.

AUNT JANE.

Please proceed quickly, young man; I have other things to think of to-day. Haven't I, William?

BOB.

I hardly know how to say it, but you ought to know that for years you have had in your midst one who has basely deceived you. You will hardly believe me when I speak his name, but much as I dislike to speak it, I must, even ——

WINKLER.

[*Suddenly sweeping BOB aside.*] Nobly done, young man! But, sister, let's be easy with him. [o.] Let's forgive and forget him if we can.

[*Action very fast until curtain.*]

BOB.

What are you talking about?

AUNT JANE.

That's what I want to know.

[*Rises.*]

JANE.

What does it mean? Who is he?

WINKLER.

[*Quickly.*] There he stands—Robert Baxter, the self-confessed hypocrite!

BOB.

[*Hardly able to speak.*] He lies—he lies, I tell you. [R. o.] Don't believe—Jane — Here!

[*Holds out letter and photo.*]

WINKLER.

[*Thundering.*] Silence!

AUNT JANE.

But what's he done?

JANE.

I don't understand.

} *Together.*

WINKLER.

[*Snatching letter and photo from BOB.*] I'll tell you what he's done. He's been making love to you, Jane, and at the same time sneaking down to a place called Dreamland, and giving champagne suppers to a notorious actress who signs herself as his own Kitty. That's what he's done.

JANE.

I don't believe it.

BOB.

Absurd!

WINKLER.

[*Handing letter and photo to JANE.*] Then read these.

[*JANE reads in horror. Crosses down L.*

BOB.

But I tell you those things belong to him.

WINKLER.

[*Rapidly.*] Come, my dear! [*To AUNT JANE.*] Let us not contaminate ourselves by breathing the same air as this impostor.

[*They go up.*

AUNT JANE.

Oh, William, how happy I am that we have you.

WINKLER.

Come, Jane, let us leave him alone with his shame and his guilt.

[*Exeunt* WINKLER and AUNT JANE, L.]

JANE.

[*Throwing letter and photo at his feet.*] Ah, Bobbie, how could you?

BOB.

But, Jane, you don't —

JANE.

Don't speak to me, Mr. Baxter. Go back to your Dreamland. To-night I shall become the wife of Mr. Benjamin More. [*Exit, L.*]

BOB.

[*After a pause—dazed.*] Well, I'll be —
[*Goes up to c. door and calls.*] Ting! Ting!

CURTAIN

THE SECOND ACT

SCENE.—*The same as Act I. BOB discovered in same position as when curtain descended on Act I.*

BOB.

[*Calling.*] Ting, Ting!—Oh, Ting!

TING.

[*Off c.*] Hello!

BOB.

Come in here quick! [*Enter TING, R. c. from L.*] Now you've done it!

TING.

[*L. c.*] Done it? Done what?

BOB.

Where did you get these cursed things?
[*Picks them up.*]

TING.

Right there on the table where the "Old Boy" left them.

BOB.

Are you sure they belong to Winkler?

TING.

Certainly ; why ?

BOB.

Why ? Because he made Jane believe they were *mine*, that's why.

TING.

What are you talking about ?

BOB.

Well, he did. You see they were in my hands and there's no name—only "old boy"—and before I could ——

TING.

[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! That's rich.

[*Crosses to R.*]

BOB.

Oh, enjoy yourself ! But it's no joke for me, I can tell you. You've got to get me out of this, do you hear ?

TING.

How can I ?

BOB.

By testifying that they were addressed to *Winkler*.

TING.

[*Serious.*] I see—but—Bob, I'd do almost anything for you—but there are reasons why I can't rouse Mr. Winkler's anger—at least not just now.

BOB.

Then I might just as well give up and get out. [Sits.]

TING.

Nonsense! I can't testify against Winkler openly but I'll do all I can on the quiet, old man, and don't forget that truth crushed to earth will rise again. [Sits on sofa.]

BOB.

Yes, but if we don't set an alarm clock it'll rise too late. Jane is going to marry More at six o'clock and then what good'll truth be? [Bell rings off.]

TING.

Don't give her up yet, Bob. We've got four hours and I'll think of a way out of this even if I have to use my brains to do it. Back in a minute.

[Exit, C. Goes R. BOB sinks into a chair and looks at letter and photo with a sigh. JANE enters L.]

JANE.

Oh, I beg your pardon.

BOB.

[*Jumping up and hastily concealing photo.*]
Jane!

JANE.

Mr. Baxter!

[*Starts off.*]

BOB.

Jane, you don't believe that pack of lies about Kitty? I tell you it's all a mistake.

JANE.

How can I believe anything else?

BOB.

But I tell you that those things belong to your uncle.

JANE.

I notice you still cling to them.

BOB.

Oh, it's all too absurd. Jane, you didn't mean it when you said you were going to marry Benjamin More, did you?

JANE.

On the tick of six, if he gets here.

BOB.

Jane, if you marry that man I'll commit suicide.

JANE.

It takes courage to do that. [*Crosses to R.*]

BOB.

You dare me to do it? Very well, young lady, before sunset my body shall lie under ninety feet of water—possibly ninety-one feet.

JANE.

Indeed! I suppose you've got some "Mermaid Kitty" waiting for you at the bottom of the lake.

BOB.

But, Jane, you have the power to prevent this horrible deed. I tell you if you don't save me my water-soaked and fish-bitten face will haunt you into an early grave.

JANE.

[*Crossing, laughing.*] That's very dramatic to say the least, but it doesn't frighten me one little tiny bit, because I know that if you really love me you'll stay on dry land and hustle for some evidence that'll prove you not guilty.

BOB.

But you doubt my word.

JANE.

You can easily make me believe it.

BOB.

How?

JANE.

Send for this "Kitty." She'd soon settle between you and Uncle William.

BOB.

By Jove! That's a good idea. I'll do it. Jane, come to my arms.

JANE.

Don't touch me. [*Down c.*] As yet, Mr. Baxter, you have proved nothing, and until the arrival of Kitty, let us consider ourselves strangers. Good-afternoon.

[*Exit, c. Goes L.*

BOB.

Jane, don't leave me like that! Jane!

[*Follows her off. Enter c. from R.*
BENJAMIN MORE. *He is small and insignificant; hair touched with gray; flowing side whiskers; has on dark frock coat and white gaiters; carries a silk hat, a gold-headed cane and wears glasses. His quick little steps and jerky motions stamp him as a man of nervous temperament. TING follows him.*

MORE.

I'm looking for Mr. William Winkler.

TING.

He's out just now. Can't I sell you a nice room with bath? [*Goes behind desk, and turns register.*] There's just one left.

MORE.

Nice warm welcome for the bridegroom, I must say.

TING.

Oh, you're from the matrimonial agency, aren't you?

MORE.

Nonsense! I'm Benjamin More from New York City.

TING.

Oh, I beg your pardon.

MORE.

I suppose you know that I am about to sacrifice my forty years of wisdom on the altar of Hymen, to cancel my four decades of economy by assuming the responsibility of an extra meal ticket. But I cannot ignore the wishes of my departed friend. I only hope that—that—what the deuce is my bride's name?

TING.

Jane.

MORE.

Ah, yes. Jane! Thank you. I only hope that Jane is supplied with a reasonable amount of good looks and amiability. We've never seen each other, you know.

TING.

Oh, you'll like her.

MORE.

That's good, that's good. I'm not much on love making but in order not to have the courtship and marriage seem too abrupt, I dashed off a little sonnet for Jane, coming up on the train. See how you like it.

“Fairest, rarest maid in this whole world,
For thee my heart is all unfurled,—
When at thy feet I lay it bare,
Thy smile shall be reflected there.”

Not bad if I do say it myself.

TING.

In a whisper.

MORE.

[*Lighting cigar.*] When Winkler returns let me know. You'll find me enjoying a weed on the rocks.

[*Goes o. Enter BOB, o., from L., bumping into MORE.*

BOB.

I beg your pardon.

MORE.

Ass!

[*Exit, o.*

BOB.

Who is that, Ting?

TING.

Mr. Benjamin More.

BOB.

Benjamin More! Great Scott! I'll kill him.
[*Starts off o.*

TING.

[*Stopping him.*] Hold on, old man! Things are approaching a crisis and we've got to hold a council of war.

BOB.

And that reminds me that we've got to get Kitty Benders up here right away

TING.

A good plan, but there isn't time—besides you don't know where to reach her.

BOB.

She was at the Colonial last week.

TING.

You saw her?

BOB.

Twice.

TING.

Good! Then we won't have to send for her.

BOB.

Why not?

TING.

Because she's here.

BOB.

Here! Where?

TING.

In this room.

BOB.

Ting, have you lost your mind?

TING.

On the contrary this is the sanest and most inspired moment of my life.

BOB.

For cat's sake, explain yourself.

TING.

You're the explanation.

BOB.

I don't understand.

TING.

Brighten up, Bobbie, brighten up! You're Kitty.

BOB.

Me!

TING.

Yes, you!

BOB.

By Jove! [*Rises. Crosses to L.*] Oh, but you're crazy to think of such a thing.

TING.

Not at all. Don't you see how everything is in our favor, old boy? You're the best leading lady that ever gladdened the heart of Yale, you've all your stuff here with you, you've seen the lady twice within a week; Winkler is as blind as a bat; what more do you want?

BOB.

[*Looking at photo. Crosses to R.*] Well
Oh, but I'm afraid it won't work.

TING.

It's got to work. Now you go to your room, get on the glad rags, come back here and you'll not only win Jane, but we'll have more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

BOB.

It's a risk, but I'll do it.

TING.

That's the boy. [*They shake hands.*]

BOB.

I'll do it! I'll disguise myself as Kitty. I'll arrive and by thunder, if I don't get Uncle Willie backed into a corner yelling for ice-water my name is not Bob Baxter!

TING.

[*Taking him up.*] Good! Hurry up! I can't wait!

BOB.

Hurrah! I'll get Jane yet.

[*Exit, O. Goes R. Enter WINKLER, R., searching his pockets.*]

WINKLER.

Say, Mr. Ting, you haven't seen anything of my eye-glasses, have you?

TING.

No, sir.

WINKLER.

Funny! I had two pair and I can't find anything but these old colored things.

[Shows smoked glasses.]

TING.

There was a gentleman here just now wanted to see you.

WINKLER.

Who was it?

TING.

Can't you guess?

WINKLER.

That fellow from the matrimonial agency for Aunt Jane?

TING.

You're a good guesser.

WINKLER.

Where is he?

TING.

Outside on the weeds enjoying a rock. I'll call him.

WINKLER.

Good. I hope he's better than those hoboes you got from the village.

TING.

Oh, yes, sir. This is a real man. Just wait.
[*Whistles and beckons off C.*

WINKLER.

[*Down stage.*] I wish I had my glasses.
[*Hunts. Enter MORE, C.*

MORE.

[*Aside to TING.*] Is that Winkler?

TING.

Yes, sir.

MORE.

You told him I was here?

TING.

Yes, he's waiting for you.

MORE.

Good.

TING.

Mr. Winkler—the bridegroom!

WINKLER.

Glad to know you, sir.

MORE.

And I'm glad to know *you*, Mr. Winkler.
[*They shake hands* C.]

WINKLER.

[*Aside to TING after walking around MORE in admiration. TING goes up C.*] Stand guard outside. We can't afford to let him escape.

TING.

I'm glad you like him.
[*Exit, C., laughing ; goes R.*]

WINKLER.

Now let's sit down and talk things over.

MORE.

Certainly, my dear Winkler. [*They sit on sofa.*]

WINKLER.

Now, of course, you know why you were sent for?

MORE.

Yes, indeed, and I do not hesitate to say that I can hardly wait for the ceremony to be performed.

WINKLER.

You're not half as impatient as I am, my friend. Now, I don't suppose you'll object to a few questions.

MORE.

But I thought — Oh, very well.

WINKLER.

You didn't happen to bring your pedigree with you, did you?

MORE.

[*As if to resent this and then deciding to take it as a joke.*] Well, no, but I can assure you that I have a full set of teeth and four of my ancestors came over in the *Maryflower*.

WINKLER.

An excellent record, my dear friend. Now how about references? Didn't you like your last place?

MORE.

[*Rising, excitedly.*] References! I want you to understand, Mr. Winkler, that I didn't travel all this distance to be insulted.

WINKLER.

[*Pushing MORE back into seat.*] Now don't get excited, my friend. It's all right. It's all

right. I accept your apology. You needn't show 'em if you don't want to.

MORE.

[*Pacified.*] I hardly think it necessary in my case, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

Well, perhaps not, but I always like to be on the safe side. However, you're such an improvement on the other bunch that I am willing to accept you *carte blanche*.

MORE.

Ah, then, there have been others? I am not the first suitor?

WINKLER.

No, indeed. But I hope you will be the last.

MORE.

Thank you, Winkler, that's why I'm here.

WINKLER.

I am more than pleased with your appearance.

MORE.

You flatter me.

WINKLER.

Not at all, sir. Why, do you know that once or twice since you have been sitting there I have seen a gleam of almost human intelligence flash across your countenance.

MORE.

[*Rising.*] Well, I must say —

WINKLER.

[*Putting him down.*] Oh, don't attempt to deny it. It's a fact, sir, and I'm overjoyed at it. I like your face immensely. It's so different from the other applicants—your face is so full of features. Oh, I'm more than pleased.

MORE.

[*Confused.*] But how about my lady love?

WINKLER.

Your bride?

MORE.

Yes; do you think she'll like me?

WINKLER.

Like you? Why, my dear brother, she'll jump at you—actually jump at you!

MORE.

You really think so?

WINKLER.

I know so. But the trouble is I'm very much afraid that you're going to "*jump*" at her.

MORE.

From what I hear I know I shall be delighted with her.

WINKLER.

[*Rising and kissing MORE on forehead.*] Bless you, for those kind words. I thank you a thousand times, in fact I thank you "*ten thousand*" times.

MORE.

Don't mention it, Will.

WINKLER.

I don't know what you've heard, but I think it only fair to warn you in advance not to expect too much.

MORE.

[*Disappointed.*] No?

WINKLER.

[*Hastening to reassure him.*] Not *too*, too much. Of course, expect something, but as I say not too much. I may as well confess right here that Jane has never taken any prizes at a beauty show. In plain words, she's homely—*extremely* homely.

MORE.

I won't attempt to conceal my disappointment, Mr. Winkler. [*Rises.*] I had been led to believe that Jane was ——

WINKLER.

Oh, but she has her redeeming features ; she's — [*rising*] seldom around and she pays the gas bills.

MORE.

That's something. [*Crosses to R.*

WINKLER.

You'll get acclimated in a week or two.

MORE.

Ump ! But when can I see her ?

WINKLER.

Now, immediately. I'll send her to you at once. [*Starts L.*

MORE.

Good.

WINKLER.

[*Coming back.*] But I want you to promise me this : " Oh, Promise Me " that you will not reject her at first sight. Don't be in a hurry. Take time. Just take her in by degrees. She's

like olives, you have to learn to like her, and if the worst comes to the worst, just try these.

[Hands him some dark colored spectacles.]

MORE.

What are they?

WINKLER.

Smoked glasses. Wait here. *[Exit, L.]*

MORE.

[To himself.] Homely? Olives? Smoked glasses? But rich! Oh, well!

[Down extreme R. TING enters C. from R. JANE enters C. from L. They meet.]

JANE.

Mr. Tinglepaugh, I'm expecting a professor from town to give me a lesson in acting this afternoon. You haven't seen him, have you?

TING.

Why, certainly; he's been waiting quite a while. There he is now. *[Points to MORE.]*

JANE.

Oh, thank you.

TING.

Don't mention it, Miss —

[Laughs, aside. Exit, C., to L.]

JANE.

[*Down c.*] How do you do, sir ?

MORE.

[*Keeping his back to JANE.*] She's come.
[*Puts on glasses.*] I hardly dare turn.

JANE.

I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting.

MORE.

[*To himself.*] I like the voice.

JANE.

You got my letter, I suppose.

MORE.

Yes. [*Turns slowly.*] Winkler said by degrees.

JANE.

[*To herself.*] What's he doing ?

[*MORE looks at her through glasses, then over the top and smiles. Business.*]

JANE.

Oh, I suppose he's acting.

MORE.

Not so bad. In fact not bad at all. [*Takes off glasses.*] Can I believe my eyes ? She's beautiful ! Actually beautiful. Oh, joy ! This is some joke of Winkler's.

JANE.

[C.] What's it a scene from ?

MORE.

[R. C.] Seen from "A Pair of Spectacles."

JANE.

Oh, I just love that play. Go on.

MORE.

Olive, my dear !

JANE.

Olive ?

MORE.

I should say Jane. Jane, you exceed my wildest expectations.

JANE.

Oh, I'm so glad. And do you really think I'll succeed ?

MORE.

You have succeeded already.

JANE.

Then let's begin the rehearsal.

MORE.

Rehearsal ! Oh, for the ceremony. Of course, of course.

JANE.

What part are you going to take?

MORE.

Part? Oh, I see you mean "All the world's a stage," and of course I am to play the happy bridegroom. [JANE *laughs*.] What's the joke?

JANE.

Oh, excuse me for saying it but I can't quite imagine you as a lover. [Crosses to R.]

MORE.

And why not?

JANE.

Aren't you a trifle old?

MORE.

[*Angry*.] Old? Old? Young lady, I'd have you know ——

JANE.

[*Interrupting*.] I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry if I've offended you.

MORE.

That's all right, little girl. Perhaps I'm not as young as I used to be. Ah, but my heart at least never grows old. [*Takes out paper, looks at it two or three times as he recites*.] Listen:

"Fairest, rarest maid in this whole world,
For thee my heart is all unfurled,—
When at thy feet I lay it bare,
Thy smile shall be reflected there."

JANE.

Very good. What's it from?

MORE.

From the deepest cavern of my heart, darling. Your lips are tempting. May I steal just one?

[Enter WINKLER, L.]

JANE.

Are you still acting? [Crosses to L.]

MORE.

Acting? No, Jane, I'm in earnest. Sweet-heart, come to my arms.

[Attempts to embrace her.]

JANE.

[Running away.] How dare you, sir?

WINKLER.

[C.] Hold on.

[JANE L. C.]

MORE.

[R. C.] Well, Bill, everything seems to be O. K.

WINKLER.

Everything seems to be N. G.

MORE.

Ah, that was a good joke you played on me, William. But it's all right. I'm more than satisfied.

WINKLER.

But you haven't seen her yet—she isn't quite ready.

MORE.

Haven't seen —— ?

WINKLER.

No, this isn't the one.

MORE.

But I have already won this one.

WINKLER.

Well, then, *unwin* her right away. This young lady's engaged to be married.

MORE.

I know ; of course she is.

JANE.

Oh, uncle, you're so stupid. Don't you see ? This is the tragedian I was telling you about. He was giving me a lesson in acting.

WINKLER AND MORE.

Nonsense !

MORE.

Why, my dear child, I — Winkler, tell her who I am.

WINKLER.

Certainly; my dear, this gentleman is from the agency and he came —

MORE.

Agency! What are you talking about, Winkler? [*Excited.*]

WINKLER.

[*Aroused.*] You came in response to my message, didn't you?

MORE.

I most certainly did.

WINKLER.

Well, then, what are you getting so excited about?

MORE.

I thought you understood —

WINKLER.

I do; it's all right.

MORE.

But there's a mistake somewhere.

WINKLER.

Of course there is, but don't worry. You'll forgive him, won't you, dear?

JANE.

Of course, if he didn't mean anything.

MORE.

[*Confused.*] I don't know whether I meant anything or not. [*Rubbing his head.*] You see, my friend, I'm just a little confused.

WINKLER.

Of course. Now you go right into my room and take a little rest until your mind gets cleared.

MORE.

Perhaps it'll be best.

WINKLER.

Your bride isn't quite ready yet.

MORE.

But you said that this lady and I—I don't quite see ——

WINKLER.

I know you don't yet. Get in there and keep still until I call you, and you'll have your eyes opened. [*Pushes him into room and closes the door.*] I'm engineering this marriage.

JANE.

Oh, uncle, what a terrible mistake!

WINKLER.

Never mind, Jane, everything'll be all right as soon as Benjamin More arrives. And in the meantime you go and help your aunt get herself into trim.

JANE.

Into trim. What for?

WINKLER.

Why, this gentleman in there has come nere to propose to her and I hope he'll win her in time for a double wedding at six o'clock.

JANE.

And he mistook me for Aunt Jane? Oh, I shall never forgive him as long as I live. [*Up C.*] The idea! [WINKLER *laughs.*] You can go and get Aunt Jane into trim yourself. I won't. [*Exit, C., to L.*]

WINKLER.

Well, perhaps I had better hustle her along a little. He may get nervous and not wait. You never can tell.

[*Enter SAM, C., wheeling a large trunk from R.*]

SAM.

Is this your trunk, suh ?

WINKLER.

No, it's not my trunk.

[*Exit, L.*

SAM.

[*Wheeling it off.*] Ah wush Ah could find de owner of dis heah trunk.

[*Exit, C. Goes L. Enter BOB, C. from R., disguised as KITTY ; dressed completely in red, wears veil, carries suitcase marked "Kitty Benders" and red parasol ; looks about, then sits at table and rings. Enter TING, C., sees BOB but thinks he is a woman. Business of putting himself in order, straightening tie, brushing himself off, etc.*

TING.

[*At table.*] Did you ring, madam ?

BOB.

[*Female voice.*] Oh, yes.

[*Smiles and flirts with TING, who is delighted.*

TING.

Did you want to order something ?

BOB.

Yes.

TING.

[*Politely.*] We have some very nice humming birds' tongues to-day.

BOB.

Bring me a kangaroo steak and a package of Moguls.

TING.

[*Somewhat shocked.*] I'm extremely sorry, madame, but it's against the rules of the house to serve tobacco to ladies.

BOB.

[*In his own voice.*] Well, you darn fool, can't you see I'm no lady?

TING.

[*Recognizing him.*] Bob!

BOB.

[*Laughing.*] Well, what do you think of it?
[*Walks about to L., then back to R.*]

TING.

[*L. c.*] Great! Simply perfect, old man!

BOB.

It was an awful squeeze but I got in.

TING.

If you'd kept still I'd been making love to you in five minutes. You're a peach.

BOB.

You really didn't know me?

TING.

Why, your own mother wouldn't recognize you. Besides Uncle Bill has lost his specs.

[Takes them from his pocket; puts them back into pocket; laughs.]

BOB.

Oh, I won't do a thing but put a crimp in Winkler's good name. *[Crosses to L.]*

TING.

I've already started things for you. Uncle Bill thinks that More is the man from the matrimonial agency. *[Laughs.]*

BOB.

How'd you do that?

TING.

I hardly know myself; it just kind of happened.

JANE

[Off c.] Suzette!

BOB.

[*Startled.*] Jumping Jerusalem!

[*Crosses to R.*

TING.

[*Running up C., looking off and coming back.*]
It's Jane. [*Rushes BOB into chair.*] Sit down!
[BOB sits R. C. TING pulls the veil over BOB's
face—and let the good work begin. I'm off.

BOB.

Don't leave me, Ting.

TING.

Shut up, "Kitty."

[*Exit, C., to R.*

BOB.

I'm scared stiff.

[*Fixes himself. Pause. Enter JANE,
C., from L.*

JANE.

[C. D.] Suzette! [*Sees BOB.*] Oh, I beg your
pardon.

BOB.

[*Clearing his throat and pausing before dar-
ing to speak in girl's voice.*] You're entirely
welcome.

JANE.

[*To herself.*] What a strange woman! [*To
him.*] Are you waiting for any one?

BOB.

[*Keeping his face from her.*] Yes; are you acquainted with Mr. William Winkler?

JANE.

He's my uncle.

BOB.

Ah, indeed!

JANE.

Yes; do you know him?

BOB.

Know him? Why, my dear child, everything that I am in this world I owe to your uncle.

JANE.

I'll go and find him for you. [*Starts L.; then comes back.*] Did you tell me your name?

BOB.

Well, William always calls me Kitty.

JANE.

Kitty!

BOB.

K-i-double t-y, Catty—Kitty.

JANE.

Can it be possible ?

BOB.

If you don't believe me look on the suit-case.

JANE.

You're Kitty Benders, the actress ?

BOB.

And the girl guessed right the very first time.
[Crosses to L.]

JANE.

Oh ! [*Almost afraid to ask.*] You—you're
a friend of Mr. Baxter's—aren't you ?

BOB.

Never heard the name before.

JANE.

Perhaps you called him Bobbie.

BOB.

Bobbie ! I know a policeman of that name.

JANE.

But you surely haven't forgotten Bobbie
Baxter so soon ?

BOB.

Do you doubt the word of a lady ?

JANE.

Aren't you the Kitty that sent Bobbie a letter and your photograph ?

BOB.

I guess you've got the wrong pussy, my child. I'm perfectly satisfied with "Willious."

JANE.

[*Joyously.*] You mean my uncle ?

BOB.

I mean William Winkler, the gayest old sport that ever opened a bottle of champagne.
[*Crosses to R*

JANE.

Then you wrote to him ?

BOB.

You're right, I wrote.

JANE.

Oh, how I have *wronged* Bobbie ! [Sits.

BOB.

What'd you do to him ?

JANE.

I didn't believe him when he told me that the letter and picture were meant for Uncle William. I thought he was in love with you, and oh, I've been so mistaken.

[Throws herself on sofa and cries. BOB throws kisses behind her back and holds out his arms as if to embrace her. Business.]

BOB.

What's become of Robert?

JANE.

Oh, I don't know—he said he was going to commit suicide.

BOB.

One moment. Is your name Jane?

JANE.

Yes, ma'am.

BOB.

[Taking note from the hand-bag.] Well, somebody handed this to me as I came in. It may be news from Mr. Baxter.

JANE.

Yes, it's Bob's hand. Oh, dear, I'm afraid to open it.

BOB.

Be brave, my dear; he may only have drowned himself.

JANE.

[*Opening and reading.*] "Jane, when this you see I shall be eating angel food."

BOB.

[*To himself.*] Or deviled ham.

JANE.

"Good-bye forever, from one who loved you." [*Cries.*] Oh, dear! I shall never see my Bobbie again!

BOB.

[*Sitting beside her.*] I know better than that, my girl. [*Puts arm around her.*] He'll be around. There! That's right, have a good cry.

JANE.

If I only had some one who could sympathize with me.

BOB.

What's the matter with me, Jane? Come, dear, rest your head upon my bosom. [JANE throws her arms about his neck and puts her head on his shoulder.] I'll be a mother to you. There! There!

JANE.

But I loved him so.

BOB.

I know, I know. But come now, Jane, cheer up! Come, dry your eyes, dearie. Bobbie may turn up yet. The news may be false. Don't give up hope yet—please don't!

JANE.

But it seems like hugging a delusion.

BOB.

[*Jumping up.*] Delusion! [*Feeling of himself.*] Has anything separated?

[*Jumps up and goes R.*

JANE.

But won't you come and help me look for him?

[*Rises C.*

BOB.

I don't think we need to drag the frog pond, Jane, but I'll go.

JANE.

[*As they go.*] Oh, do you really think Bobbie's alive?

BOB.

He's just as much alive as I am. I feel it in my bones. Come on. [*They exeunt, C. Go L.*

WINKLER.

[*Enters L. Crosses to door R. Knocks.*] I hope Aunt Jane's man hasn't escaped. [*Calls through door.*] Hello, in there!

MORE.

[*Off R.*] Hello, out there!

WINKLER.

Say, my friend, if you'll come out into this room in about five minutes, you'll meet your future wife—she's almost ready, now.

MORE.

All right.

WINKLER.

Delicacy forbids me to be present at the interview, but before I go is there anything I can do for you?

MORE.

"Nay, nay, Pauline."

WINKLER.

By the way, you'll find a long black bottle on the wash-stand right next to the tooth-brush mug.

MORE.

Yes.

WINKLER.

Perhaps you'd better take a small swallow before you face the music.

MORE.

I have.

WINKLER.

Well, then, take another.

MORE.

I have.

WINKLER.

Great Scott! We're going to have a drunkard in the family. [*To him.*] Why don't you take the whole bottle?

MORE.

I have.

WINKLER.

He has! Well, I'm glad for Jane's sake there wasn't much in it. [*To him.*] Good luck! Now to find out where Benjamin More is. [*Looks at watch.*] It's getting dangerously near six and I'm worried.

[*Exit, C. Goes R. Enter AUNT JANE, L., shyly, expectantly. She is elaborately dressed and powder is plainly*

visible on her face. She looks about; sits; clears her throat; begins to doubt; is disappointed. Sits B. C. Enter BOB, C., from L., still in dress, without hat.

BOB.

Madame, I beg your pardon, but are you expecting company?

AUNT JANE.

My husband.

BOB.

[*Surprised.*] Are you married?

AUNT JANE.

Well, it's the same thing. I'm going to be at sunset.

BOB.

But, madame, do you think it's safe?

AUNT JANE.

What do you mean?

BOB.

I mean that your face is so full of powder that if you ever struck a match there'd be an awful explosion.

AUNT JANE.

[*Looking at herself in hand mirror.*] You insulting creature! Powder, the idea of such a thing! [Uses powder puff.

BOB.

Say, are you related to Willie Winkler?

AUNT JANE.

I am Mr. Winkler's only sister-in-law.

BOB.

Thank the Lord for that.

AUNT JANE.

What do you mean, you bold woman?

[Rises.

BOB.

I mean I'm glad there aren't any more at home like you.

AUNT JANE.

Who are you, anyway?

BOB.

I'm going to be your sister-in-law, twice removed.

AUNT JANE.

What?

BOB.

Yes, Will and I are going to housekeeping.
[Crosses to R.]

AUNT JANE.

What's your name ?

BOB.

Kitty.

AUNT JANE.

Kitty ! Not Kitty the play actress ?

BOB.

I'm the article as advertised. [Crosses to L.]

AUNT JANE.

Then that letter did belong to William after all and not to Bobbie Baxter ?

BOB.

You bet your sweet life it was William's. William's the Willie for me, and I'm going to stick to the old boy, just as long as his money holds out.

AUNT JANE.

[Horried.] Oh, you wretch ! The deceiver !
[Crosses to L.] To bring a horrible actress into our midst ! Oh, I shall never forgive him for this ! Never ! But I won't let him marry you, you bold, bad, wicked actress !

BOB.

Forget it, old lady!

[Shakes skirts in her face.]

AUNT JANE.

Oh, I'll not stand this another minute! Oh, William, how could you? If he's deceived me in this, he'll deceive me about my husband! Oh, dear! Suzette! Suzette! Suzette! my salts!

[Exit, L. BOB falls onto sofa in fit of laughter. MORE sticks his head in door R. His dress is slightly disarranged, and while not drunk he is feeling happy from the effects of the bottle.]

MORE.

Five minutes must be up—I guess. *[Sees BOB.]* Yes, there she is, waiting for me. *[Referring to red dress.]* Looks like a case of scarlet fever. I hope she's contagious. *[Whistles. Waves handkerchief foolishly.]* Cuckoo! *[BOB hears but does not move; MORE crosses to C.]* Jane!

BOB.

[Sitting up.] Did you speak to me?

MORE.

I did.

BOB.

[*Rising.*] How dare you, sir?

MORE.

Have I made another mistake? Aren't you Jane?

BOB.

Jane? Oh, yes, of course. Of course I'm Jane. Who said I wasn't?

MORE.

Well, I'm Benjamin.

BOB.

Benjamin?

MORE.

Yes—Benjamin More.

BOB.

Oh! How do you do? I've been waiting for you, of course, Mr. Benjamin.

MORE.

Really! [*To himself.*] She's a peach.

BOB.

Won't you be seated?

MORE.

Thanks. [*Sits, then rises.*] Jane—Jane——
[*Crosses unsteadily to end of sofa, R. C., where*
BOB *sits.*] Jane, I suppose you know my purpose in coming here?

BOB.

[*Making room for him on sofa.*] Did you come on purpose?

MORE.

On purpose to ask you to be my partner.
[*Sits.*]

BOB.

Do you want a waltz or a two-step?

MORE.

I want you to waltz with me through life.

BOB.

Say, are you proposing to me?

MORE.

Such was my intention.

BOB.

Oh, Mr. More, this is such a suddenness!

MORE.

[*Putting his arm around BOB.*] Call me Bennie.

BOB.

Oh, I dare not. [*Rises and crosses to R.*]

MORE.

[*Reading from cuff.*] Jane, listen: [*Rises.*]

“Fairest, rarest maid in this whole world,
For thee my hair is all uncurled.”

BOB.

Exquisite! But, Benjamin, do you really and truly mean what you say?

MORE.

I love you madly, passionately.

BOB.

And you swear that you will never pay another's board bill?

MORE.

If I do, Jane, it'll be with your money.

BOB.

Then you really want me?

MORE.

I do.

BOB.

Then I'm yours.

[*Throws himself heavily into MORE's arms, nearly knocking him down. MORE struggles. Business of holding, etc.*]

MORE.

That's right, lean on me, honey-bubble.

BOB.

I'm so happy !

MORE.

[*Kissing him.*] You cute thing !

BOB.

Shall we be married at once, Bennie ?

MORE.

Yes, Jennie.

BOB.

Then I must go now and prepare for the wedding. [*To himself.*] By getting a shave.
[*Crosses and gets parasol.*]

MORE.

Will it be long ?

BOB.

I should say so, if I don't hurry up. Ta, ta.

[*Throws him a kiss. Exit, C. Goes R.*]

MORE shows great delight. Shakes hands with himself and is walking about; sees suit-case—picks it up, reads "*Kitty*," puts it down and proceeds to straighten tie, etc. Enter WINKLER, C., from L. side.

WINKLER.

Well, has she been here yet?

MORE.

[R.] She has.

WINKLER.

[L. C.] What's the verdict?

MORE.

I fell in love with her at first sight. She's divine!

WINKLER.

Divine! I'm afraid you saw through a glass darkly.

MORE.

No, William, I was so enraptured that I never thought of the smoked glasses.

WINKLER.

Do you mean to say that you thought her beautiful with the naked eye?

MORE.

It may have been immodest, William, but I did. And she's promised to marry me at once.

WINKLER.

Easy money! Put her there, old man! You're my friend for life.

MORE.

Let's go outside and celebrate the occasion with a quiet little lemonade.

WINKLER.

With pleasure. Is this your suit-case?

MORE.

No, it belongs to some one named Kitty Benders. Hurry up. I'm thirsty.

[*Exit, C. Goes L.*

WINKLER.

Kitty! Kitty! Great Heaven, I'm doomed.

[*Goes L. Enter TING, C., from R.*

TING.

Lady to see you, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

Take her away! I don't want to see her!
I won't see her, do you hear me?

TING.

[*Going up c.*] All right.

[*Beckons. Enter BOB, c., from R.*

BOB.

[*Rushing to WINKLER with outstretched arms.*] William, at last I have found you!

WINKLER.

[*Frightened, trying to push him off.*] Kitty,
in Heaven's name what are you doing here?

[*Crosses to R.*

BOB.

Kiss me, William.

[*Kisses him. TING stands up c. with WINKLER'S glasses on laughing.*

WINKLER.

[*Throwing something at TING.*] Get out!
Go get me a cigar. [Up R. and down L.

TING.

Yes, sir.

[*Exit, c. Goes R. BOB kisses WINKLER again.*

WINKLER.

Kitty, in Heaven's name stop! It's not safe. What are you doing here? Didn't you get my telegram to stay away? [*Tries door* U. L.

BOB.

Yes, and that's why I came.

WINKLER.

Heavens! Kitty, you can't stay here another minute. If you do I'm a ruined man.

[*Looks off* U. C.

BOB.

[C.] You're ashamed of me?

WINKLER.

No, it's not that, Kitty; you're one of the best girls that [*down* R. C.] ever lived. But I'm engineering two very important operations involving thousands of dollars, and your presence here will upset the whole thing.

BOB.

But I don't understand.

[*Crosses to* R. C. and *sits*.

WINKLER.

Well, you see, my sister-in-law is very much prejudiced against the stage, and if she should find out that I was intimate—[C.] with you, she'd—well—I'd have to go to work, that's all.

BOB.

But, dearie, I came up here especially to get acquainted with the family.

WINKLER.

Great Scott! You can't do it, Kitty. Now listen! If I can marry my niece Jane to Benjamin More, I get a cool ten thousand dollars and ten thousand more from my old-maid sister-in-law for securing her a husband. Now, my dear girl, I'm just on the verge of victory, and you don't want to defeat me, do you?

BOB.

But why do I interfere?

[Rises and crosses to L.]

WINKLER.

Oh, there isn't time to explain it again. But just take my word for it, you'll spoil the whole blamed business if you don't disappear immediately. Now, Kitty, once more, if you love me, go.

BOB.

All right, I'll go for your sake, but don't think it's easy for me to make the sacrifice. It hurts, old boy. *[Placing hand on heart.]* It hurts right here. *[Tries to ease corset.]* You don't know how it hurts me.

WINKLER.

You won't regret it, Kitty. [*Takes out watch.*] Now you've got just time to catch the limited for Weehawken. I'll go get a carriage. You hide in my room and wait till I come back for you. [*Pushes BOB off R. and closes door and picking up suit-case runs excitedly up C.*] Samuel, get me a horse at once. Samuel! A horse, a horse!

[*Exit, C., to L. BOB reappears in doorway; takes off wig.*]

BOB.

[*R. C., mopping his brow.*] Whew! It's about one hundred and twenty-three degrees in the shade under that wig. [*Laughs.*] Gee! How dry I am.

[*Enter TING, C., from R., with tray on which are a small bottle and glass containing a cigar and matches.*]

TING.

Where's Winkler?

BOB.

[*Taking bottle.*] Just what I want.

[*Drinks. Crosses to L.*]

TING.

Bob, what are you doing?

[*C. Takes bottle away from him.*]

BOB.

[*Making face.*] Gee! What is it?

TING.

Aunt Jane's hair tonic.

BOB.

Help! Give me that cigar quick.

[*Takes cigar.*]

TING.

It's Winkler's.

BOB.

He's too busy to smoke just now. Here, hold this while I get a light.

[*TING puts tray on table R. Takes wig and BOB lights cigar.*]

TING.

What's become of the old boy, anyway?

BOB.

Gone for a carriage to take Kitty away.

[*Takes TING's hat and fans himself. Sits.*]

TING.

[*Sitting beside BOB.*] What are you going to do?

BOB.

Ride down to the station and then refuse to get on the train. *[They laugh.]*

TING.

Poor Winkler! But we'd better watch out. He's liable to come back, isn't he?

BOB.

Not yet. Say, I wonder what's become of Bennie. We're engaged, you know. *[They laugh.]* Ting! *[Laughs.]*

TING.

Well?

BOB.

Will you be a flower girl at the wedding?

TING.

Sure!

[They laugh heartily and slap each other. Business. Enter JANE, C., from L.]

JANE.

I beg your pardon.

[TING and BOB jump up in confusion. BOB puts on TING's cap and TING puts on the wig. BOB discovers wig and throwing TING his cap motions him to exchange wig. TING does not]

understand at first. Finally throws wig to BOB, who gets it on backward. BOB then discovers that he still has cigar, and tosses it to TING. BOB behind sofa. Business ad lib.

TING.

[R.] Did you ring, Miss ?

JANE.

[O.] Mr. Tinglepaugh, I'm surprised.

TING.

Not half as surprised as we were.

JANE.

Such disgraceful actions !

TING.

I'll explain it, Miss.

JANE.

It's not necessary, Mr. Tinglepaugh. Miss Kitty Benders, aren't you ashamed of yourself ?
[Pause. No answer.] Uncle William may know you smoke, but I'm sure he doesn't know you're bald-headed ! [Snatches wig from BOB's head.] Bobbie Baxter !

BOB.

[L. O.] I seem to be discovered.

JANE.

But I thought you had committed suicide.

BOB.

The water was too chilly, Jane.

JANE.

Oh, Bob, how could you do such a thing?

BOB.

It was for your sake, Jane.

JANE.

And to think of what I told you! But it wasn't true. You had no right to listen. You've deceived me again, Mr. Baxter, and I hate you for it.

BOB.

But I did it for your sake, Jane.

JANE.

Don't ever speak to me again. I hate you. If Benjamin More were here I'd marry him this minute. I hate, hate, hate you!

[JANE *bursts into tears and exits* L.]

BOB.

[*After a moment.*] Whistle some slow music, will you, Ting, while I finish the hair oil?

TING.

I'll do nothing of the kind. She didn't mean a word she said.

BOB.

Are you sure ?

TING.

Yes ; hurry up and explain to her before she warns Winkler.

BOB.

Great Scott ! She's got the wig, too. [*Goes.*]
Jane, Jane, I want to explain !

[*Exit, L. Enter SAM wheeling trunk from L.*]

SAM.

Am dis your trunk ?

TING.

Don't talk to me, I'm busy.

[*Takes tray with bottle, etc. Exit, c. Goes R.*]

SAM.

[*Shaking head and wiping brow.*] If Ah ever fin' de gentleman what owns dis [*going down L.*] trunk Ah'll —

[*Enter KITTY BENDERS, c. She is dressed almost identically the same as BOB and has suit-case marked "Kitty Benders." Puts suit-case down R.*]

KITTY.

[R. C.] This is the Halcyon House, isn't it?

SAM.

[L. C., *bowing.*] Yaas'm, yaas'm. Dis am de Halcyon House. Did you get one of the booklets?

KITTY.

I'm looking for Mr. William Winkler. Is he here?

SAM.

He suah am.

KITTY.

Then that's all right. Is this the register?

SAM.

[*Going behind desk.*] Yaas'm. It suah am.
[*Handing the pen.*] Will you scribble in de photograph album?

KITTY.

[*Laughing.*] Certainly. Now, I'm Kitty Benders, leading lady of "The Girl in Red" Company and of course I want the best you have.

SAM.

Ah'm very sorry, Missus, dat "suite sixteen" am taken.

KITTY.

Oh, well, give me the next best. Here's a little Christmas present for you, my friend, and if you're good to me there'll be some more later on. Now go find Winkler, and tell him there's a lady wants to see him.

SAM.

Yaas'm. Thank you bery much, Missus. Ah'll hurry fas' as Ah kin.

[Exit, C., with trunk. Goes L.]

WINKLER.

[Off C. to L.] Whoa! Sam, where in the name of humanity have you been? I had to harness up the horse myself.

[When KITTY hears his voice she hides in room R. Enter WINKLER, C., followed by SAM, from L.]

SAM.

Mr. Winkler, dere am a lady ter see you, suh —a lady to see you.

WINKLER.

What! A lady to see me?

SAM.

[Looking around.] Yaas, suh. She was here jes' a moment ago.

WINKLER.

[*Worried.*] What kind of a lady?

SAM.

A beautiful red lady, suh.

WINKLER.

Confound Kitty! [*Crosses to L.*] Samuel, here's a Christmas present for you. [*Gives him money.*] Now you haven't seen anybody, have you?

SAM.

Not unless you say so, Marse Winkler.

WINKLER.

All right. Now you go outside and hold the horse and keep your eyes shut. You're blind. Understand?

SAM.

Yaas, suh. Ah'm glad Christmas comes more'n once'n a year. [*Exit, c. Goes L.*]

WINKLER.

[*Taking KITTY's suit-case.*] I thought I took that thing down. She must have had two. Kitty! [*Opening door R.*] Hurry; we haven't a minute to lose.

[*Starts up c. Enter KITTY, R.*]

KITTY.

[*With outstretched arms.*] William !

WINKLER.

[*Starting up stage.*] We'll just make her.

KITTY.

Aren't you going to kiss me ?

WINKLER.

Kitty, for Heaven's sake, I can't keep kissing you every five minutes.

[*Gets away from her. Crosses to L.*

KITTY.

But aren't you glad to see me ?

WINKLER.

Kitty, now don't be foolish when you know we've got to hustle.

[*Crosses to R.*

KITTY.

Hustle, where ?

[*Sits on sofa.*

WINKLER.

To the station, of course.

KITTY.

Are you going away ?

WINKLER.

No, but you are.

KITTY.

Well, I like that.

WINKLER.

Kitty, the carriage is at the door.

KITTY.

What do I care?

WINKLER.

[*Desperately.*] But your promise.

KITTY.

What promise?

WINKLER.

What promise? Didn't you tell me you'd get out of here at once?

KITTY.

Certainly not.

WINKLER.

Kitty, you'll ruin me if you stay here another minute.

KITTY.

William Winkler, I don't know what you're talking about [*rising*] but if you think you're going to ship me out of the way you're mightily mistaken. I want you to understand

that whether you like it or not, I'm here for the summer.

WINKLER.

But, my dear girl, I explained the whole thing to you.

KITTY.

Explained nothing. You've been drinking, I'm afraid. [Crosses to L.]

WINKLER.

I'll be drinking rough-on-rats in about two minutes if you don't come.

AUNT JANE.

[*Off* L.] William! William!

WINKLER.

[*Running to her in a frenzy.*] Oh, Kitty! You've ruined me.

KITTY.

What is the matter with you, William?

WINKLER.

I can't explain, but if you love me, get back into my room at once.

KITTY.

But I don't understand. [Crosses to L.]

WINKLER.

[*Dragging her toward door R.*] For my sake, Kitty. It's all for the best, old girl! Please!

KITTY.

All right. Don't have a fit. I'll go, but it's mighty queer.

WINKLER.

[*Pulling her into room.*] Good for you, Kitty. I'll call you as soon as I can and explain everything. Quick! In you go! [*Pushes her out of sight, throws suit-case after her, bangs door shut, and locks it, puts key in his pocket and turns back with a sigh of relief.*] Whew! That was a close shave!

[*Enter BOB quickly L. with hat on.*]

BOB.

Is the carriage ready, William?

WINKLER.

Kitty! Bring me the rough-on-cats!

[*Swoons in chair R. C.*]

CURTAIN

THE THIRD ACT

SCENE.—*The same as in Acts I and II.*

WINKLER *is discovered in exactly the same position as at end of Act II. He gradually "comes to" and seems to have a hazy idea of what happened. In pantomime he tries to figure it out but his expression indicates that the problem is too great to be solved. Finally he takes key from pocket, goes stealthily to door B., inserts key and is just about to unlock it. Enter SAM, C., from L.*

SAM.

[*Excitedly.* o.] Say, Marse Winkler,
Ah——

WINKLER.

[*Jumping as if shot.*] How dare you frighten me like that? Can't you see that I'm on the verge of a nervous collapse?

SAM.

Ah'm berry sorry, suh, if Ah interrupted anythin'.

WINKLER.

Is there a physician in the hotel?

SAM.

No, suh.

WINKLER.

Oh, I'm too young to die like this! Sam, come here. [*Takes hold of him.*] Do I look perfectly natural to you?

SAM.

[*After looking at him.*] Not any worse'n usual, suh.

WINKLER.

You don't think I look as though I'd lost my mind or gone mad, do I?

SAM.

No, suh.

WINKLER.

But there must be something the matter with me—[*crossing to L.*] or perhaps—— Sam, did you ever hear of this place being haunted?

SAM.

No, suh.

WINKLER.

Then how am I to explain?—[*Looks at door R.*] Oh, it was too quick to be possible!—Look here, my friend, you haven't seen that red lady in a young dress again, have you?

SAM.

Dat what ?

WINKLER.

I knew I'd gone mad — [Crosses to R.] I mean that young lady in a red dress. Have you seen her again ?

SAM.

You forgit dat Christmas present you gave me closed bofe my eyes.

WINKLER.

Don't mock the injured, my friend. If you've seen her say so. Have you ?

SAM.

[R.] Yaas, suh.

WINKLER.

In Heaven's name tell me where.

SAM.

Wal, it wus dis way, Marse Winkler: Ah was standin' out dar holdin' up de horse and buggy jes' as you telled me ter do, when all ob a sudden dat red lady fren' ob youse run out, jumped inter de wagon, switched up de horse, and disappeared rapidly down de hill and laffin' like a hyena. Ah never seen a lady ob *any* color act up sich disgracefulness. It war a good ting Ah had my eyes *closed*.

WINKLER.

Which road did she take ?

SAM.

To de station.

WINKLER.

Good ! Anybody see her ?

SAM.

No, suh. Eben de horse didn't know what was happenin'.

WINKLER.

That's good news, Sam, and it makes me very happy. Now you keep this dark, my friend, and I'll see that you get a Christmas present once a month for the rest of your natural life.

SAM.

An' Ah hope Ah live a century.

WINKLER.

So do I. Now you'd better go down and get the horse and while you're there be sure to find out whether or not she took the train for New York.

SAM.

Yaas, suh. Ah understand.

[Exit, C. Goes L. WINKLER tries to figure out his delusion again. Turns

"Tranquillity" sign to wall. Business. Hesitates; finally goes to door B., listens, peeks through keyhole. Enter JANE, L.

JANE.

[After watching him for a moment.] May I peek when you get through?

WINKLER.

[Jumping again.] Oh! Oh, Jane, Jane, yes. How do you do? Isn't it warm for August? *[Tries to smile.]* I was just—just—eh—have you noticed the keyholes in this hotel, Jane?

JANE.

Don't be absurd. I know everything.

WINKLER.

[Hoarsely.] Everything! That's a good deal.

JANE.

There's some one locked in that room.

WINKLER.

You're mistaken there, Jane.

JANE.

And what's more I know *her* name.

[Sits on sofa.]

WINKLER.

[*Nervously.*] Jane, I have every reason to believe that that room is unoccupied.

JANE.

Well, it doesn't make much difference because I've had a long talk with her already.

WINKLER.

[*Off guard.*] With Kitty?

[*Catching himself.*

JANE.

Yes—with "*Kitty.*"

[*Laughs.*

WINKLER.

I'm lost. [*Braces up.*] But after all, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Kitty's one of the most ladylike ladies in New York.

JANE.

Excuse me for contradicting you, but I've never seen any one who was *less* of a lady than this Kitty.

WINKLER.

Well, I must confess that she hasn't been herself up here. I guess it's the mountain air—never acted so before.

JANE.

If there's nothing to be ashamed of why did you deny the letter and photograph?

WINKLER.

Well, I knew Aunt Jane's old-fashioned notions about the stage and so I ——

JANE.

So you sacrificed Bobbie. [Rises.

WINKLER.

Eh, yes, yes, so it seems, I ——

JANE.

Well, it's *your* turn now, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

Aunt Jane doesn't know ?

JANE.

Not yet. [Crosses to R.

WINKLER.

But, Jane, you wouldn't ——

JANE.

And why not ?

WINKLER.

Because. Oh, Jane, don't be hard on an old man. Isn't there some way ?

JANE.

Yes, there is a way.

WINKLER.

What is it?

JANE.

[c.] Release me from any promise to marry Benjamin More and Aunt Jane shall never know.

WINKLER.

But it wouldn't be very polite to give Ben a raincheck after all the distance he's come.

JANE.

He won't care. I don't believe he wants to marry me anyway.

WINKLER.

Nonsense! Haven't I got it in black and white that he does want to marry you?
[Crosses to R.]

JANE.

But if you had it in black and white that he has changed his mind?

WINKLER.

If such an impossibility should happen, why, you can choose your own husband, provided of course you say nothing of Kitty to Aunt Jane.

JANE.

It's a bargain. I'll get him to sign it at once.

WINKLER.

The only trouble is, his arrival before six o'clock looks rather doubtful.

JANE.

Why, he's been here for hours.

WINKLER.

[R.] Who's been here for hours?

JANE.

Do you mean to say you haven't seen him?

WINKLER.

[*Holding his head.*] Seen who?

JANE.

Benjamin More.

WINKLER.

Oh, I'm in a pitiable state. After all my watching [*crossing to L.*] and praying, it isn't possible More has sneaked in without my seeing him?

JANE.

Well, he's here.

WINKLER.

Here! Where? Tell me, Jane, tell me where.

JANE.

The last I saw of him he was out in the summer house talking very earnestly to your Kitty. *[Laughs.]*

WINKLER.

To Kitty! Oh! Worse and worse. I'm up against it. *[U. c.]* Where is that summer house, Jane?

JANE.

Right at the end of Lover's Lane, uncle.

WINKLER.

[Starting on a run.] Lover's Lane. Oh!

[Exit, C. Goes L. JANE runs up C. and looks after him and laughs. Knocking on outside of door R. JANE listens. Another knock louder and longer. Business. JANE goes to door.]

JANE.

Any one knock?

KITTY.

[Of R.] I most certainly did.

JANE.

What do you want ?

KITTY.

I want to get out.

JANE.

How'd you get in ?

KITTY.

I was put in.

JANE.

Who are you ?

KITTY.

I'm Kitty Benders.

JANE.

[*To herself.*] It's Bobbie. [*To her.*] Uncle William thinks you've escaped.

KITTY.

Well, Willie has another think coming. Who is this ?

JANE.

It's me, dear.

KITTY.

Who's me ?

JANE.

Why, Jane, of course.

KITTY.

Well, Jane, can't you find a key to this door?

JANE.

It's right here.

KITTY.

Good. Hurry and let me out or I'll break the door down. *[Pounds and shakes.]*

JANE.

Wait a moment, dear. *[Unlocks door.]*
There! *[Opens door.]* Out you come.

[KITTY bursts into room and walks around furiously. Goes L., up and down.]

KITTY.

Oh, where is he? Where is the wretch? I've never been treated so in all my life. The idea of locking me in his room and leaving me. I'll never forgive him to my dying day.

JANE.

[O.] The most perfect acting I've ever seen. But Uncle William didn't think "*Kitty*" was in his room.

KITTY.

Nonsense! He didn't want to know, that's what's the matter. There's some mystery here and I'm going to find out [*crossing to R.*] what it is before I leave the hotel.

JANE.

[*Laughing.*] I guess you're the mystery, all right. [*Sits.*]

KITTY.

Young woman, in Heaven's name, what are you laughing at?

JANE.

[*Laughing.*] At you, of course.

KITTY.

[*Angrily.*] Well, it's no laughing matter for me, I can tell you. [*Crosses to L.*]

JANE.

You're certainly clever, Bobbie.

KITTY.

[*O.*] I told you my name was Kitty; Kitty Benders.

JANE.

I know, but there's no use of keeping it up any longer. Let's get these things off before Uncle William comes back.

KITTY.

Get what things off ?

JANE.

Your skirts, goosey.

KITTY.

[*Shocked.*] Well, I must say, young woman — [Crosses to R.]

JANE.

I know it's lots of fun, but I really like you much better in trousers.

KITTY.

[*Walking about.*] Oh, horrors ! Things get worse and worse. [*Up R., and down on L.*] This is the most insulting family I've ever known.

JANE.

Oh, now, please stop, dear, and take off your wig.

KITTY.

[*Furiously.*] My wig !

JANE.

Yes, you must be awfully hot, aren't you ?

KITTY.

You're right, I am hot, red hot. In fact I'm simply boiling over. [*Goes L.*]

JANE.

If you keep it up much longer I'll really begin to think you are this horrible Kitty. [*Business for Kitty.*] You seem to get better and better at it.

KITTY.

And you seem to get worse and worse.
[*Sits on sofa.*]

JANE.

But seriously, dear, I have a most important piece of news for you.

KITTY.

I don't want to hear it.

JANE.

I've made a bargain with Uncle William and he's agreed to let me marry whom I please and of course you know whom [*rising*] I'll choose.

KITTY.

How should I know, and what do I care?

JANE.

It's mean to make me say it, but I don't care. I'm not ashamed of my choice. You're it.

[*Close to her on L. C.*]

KITTY.

The girl's out of her head.

[*Rises. Crosses to R.*

JANE.

That is, of course, if you care for me still.

KITTY.

Well, I don't care for you still or noisy or any other way. .

[*Sits, R. C.*

JANE.

You mean that you don't love me any more?

KITTY.

I do not.

JANE.

Very well, if you will be so smart I'll just take you at your word. I see I've made a mistake and I'm sorry. If you want to marry me now you'll have to crawl on your hands and knees and beg with tears in your eyes.

[*Goes up C.*

KITTY.

Poor girl!

JANE.

[*Up C.*] You're a mean, horrible, hateful thing.

[*Enter WINKLER, C., from L.*

WINKLER.

There's no one in the summer house, Jane.

JANE.

I made a mistake, uncle. She's here.

[*Exit, L.*]

WINKLER.

[*c.*] Kitty! At last I've found you. Where in Heaven's name have you been?

KITTY.

[*Seated R. C.*] I don't think it's necessary to answer that question.

WINKLER.

But I do.

KITTY.

You know perfectly well where I've been.

WINKLER.

Aha! Then you acknowledge that you drove hilariously to the station, and flirted in the summer house with Benjamin More.

KITTY.

Preposterous! You locked me in your room, didn't you?

[*Rises. Crosses to L.*]

WINKLER.

Well, I thought I did.

KITTY.

You know you did.

WINKLER.

All right, but what I want to know is how you got out?

KITTY.

The crazy girl let me out.

WINKLER.

What crazy girl?

KITTY.

Says her name is Jane.

WINKLER.

Is Jane crazy too? Why, it was she who told me you were with More in the ice house—I mean summer house.

KITTY.

And it was you who told her I was not in your room.

WINKLER.

Well, you weren't, were you?

KITTY.

I most certainly was, and she unlocked the door for me not two minutes before you came in.

WINKLER.

Well, I know better than that myself.

[*Crosses to L.*

KITTY.

Nonsense !

WINKLER.

Well, I guess I saw you.

KITTY.

Saw nothing !

WINKLER.

Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you didn't get out of that room about ten seconds after I turned the key ?

KITTY.

I tell you I've been out for less than three minutes.

WINKLER.

I must have hallucinations or something. I'd swear I saw you.

KITTY.

[*Getting hold of his hair.*] I've had just about enough of this tomfoolery, do you hear ?

WINKLER.

Oh, ow ! Kitty, for Heaven's sake, let go !

KITTY.

[*Holding him.*] Did you lock me in that room?

WINKLER.

I did.

KITTY.

What for?

WINKLER.

I didn't want Aunt Jane to see you.

KITTY.

Oh! Now have you seen me until this minute since turning the key?

WINKLER.

Ouch! Kitty!

KITTY.

Answer me, have you?

WINKLER.

I don't know.

KITTY.

You do know. Answer me, yes or no.

WINKLER.

No.

KITTY.

[*Letting him go.*] All right. Now, if you want to lock up anybody else you'd better try crazy Jane, before she gets you into any more trouble.

WINKLER.

Do you really think crazy Jane is crazy?

KITTY.

I know it. Why, she wanted me to take off my—[*crossing to L.*] well—no matter—but if you will pardon the slang your niece has got kinks in her wires.

WINKLER.

[*After a short pause.*] My wires are all down, I guess. [U. C.] Perhaps I had better have Jane confined before—but honestly, Kitty, I don't quite understand about that room business myself.

KITTY.

[*Throwing pillow at him.*] Oh, get out! [*Exit WINKLER, C. Goes R. KITTY, up in telephone.*] Hello! Give me the West Shore Station, please. [*To herself.*] I'm just about sick of this place. [*In 'phone.*] Station? When's the next train for Weehawken? Six-fifty? Thank you very much.

[*Enter MORE, C., from L.*]

MORE.

[*Peeking around corner.*] Peek-a-boo!

KITTY.

[*Down stage.*] Another one? [*Down r.*

MORE.

Don't run away, darling, I been lookin' f' you, f' you.

KITTY.

I never got in such a place in my life.

MORE.

[*Crossing unsteadily to her.*] Give me a smack, wifey.

KITTY.

[*Slapping him.*] With pleasure, old man.
[*Crosses to R. of table.*

MORE.

Oh! Now look here, dear heart—why should we quarrel? Let us at least wait until after the ceremony.

KITTY.

What ceremony?

[*Sits R.*

MORE.

Why, our wedding ceremony. We're going to be sliced—spliced at six, aren't we?

[Sits R. C.]

KITTY.

Well, I must say I've never had so many proposals in such a short time.

MORE.

You're not going to back out, are you? Remember it is Winkler's wish.

KITTY.

[*Laughing.*] You don't say so.

MORE.

I do say so.

KITTY.

Well, I guess not.

MORE.

You 'fuse to keep your promise?

KITTY.

Look here, old man, I've never seen you before and I've never made you any promise.

[*Rises.*]

MORE.

Oh, Jane, how can you play with me in this way? You know you —

[*Rises.*]

KITTY.

[*Going to 'phone.*] I'm not playing; I'm in earnest and — [Up R.] I've stood you just about long enough. You're drunk—and if you don't get out of this room immediately, I'll 'phone for the Sheriff, do you hear me?

MORE.

[*Trying to brace up.*] Me drunk? You're mistaken, my dear—I'm simply intoxicated—'toxicated with your radiant beauty.

KITTY.

[*With 'phone to her lips.*] Shall I call?

MORE.

No, don't call, my dear. I'll go. [*Crosses to R.*] Since it is your wish, I will go. [*With attempt at dignity.*] I go, but I shall return.
[*Exit, R.*]

KITTY.

[*After locking door, R.*] I guess I'd better hide until that six-fifty.

[*Exit, C. to R. Enter JANE, L. She looks around as if expecting to see some one; seems disappointed; sits. BOB, outside, "Whoa!" Snaps of a whip. "Take him to the barn, Sam." Enter BOB, C., from L., hat on.*]

BOB.

[*Snapping whip.*] Oh, hello, Jane! Are you alone?

JANE.

I was.

BOB.

Gee! I haven't had so much fun since grandpa had the whooping cough. Ha, ha, ha! [*Snaps whip.*] I've certainly queered the Halcyon's tranquillity for a while. [*Laughs.*] I've got 'em all going now. [*Laughs.*] Even Samuel is blushing! Doesn't it sound funny to you, Jane? Why, Jane, what's the matter? Jane! Jane, you're not angry yet?

JANE.

[*Coldly.*] Yes.

[*Remains seated.*]

BOB.

Why?

JANE.

You know very well.

BOB.

Pshaw! You can't be angry at a little thing like that. You're forgetting, Jane, that I don't really belong to the feminine gender. You certainly can't object to a fellow's having a little sport before he gets 'em off.

JANE.

You carried it a little too far and I meant what I said ; you've got to crawl to my feet and beg for pardon.

BOB.

Did you say that before ?

JANE.

You know I did.

BOB.

I'm perfectly willing, but, you see—well, the fact is, Jane, I'm afraid I couldn't get up again—you see the—but I'd rather crawl to your feet than any feet I know.

JANE.

[*Laughing.*] Oh, Bobbie, it's simply impossible to be angry with you. [*Rises.*]

BOB.

[*Trying to embrace her.*] I'm glad of it.

JANE.

[*Getting away from him.*] You mustn't do that, Bobbie. Remember that I'm engaged. [*Crosses to R.*]

BOB.

You don't mean to say —— ?

JANE.

Listen, I want you to do something for me.

BOB.

Kill him ?

JANE.

It won't be necessary to do that—but do you suppose you could get More to write a letter to Uncle saying that he refuses to marry me ?

BOB.

I could get him to commit murder—but why ?

JANE.

Don't ask now—but get the letter and you won't regret it.

BOB.

All right, Jane. I'll get it. Where is he ?

JANE.

I think I know. [*Goes up c.*] I'll send him to you, and when he comes —

BOB.

You leave Bennie to me.

JANE.

Very well. Wait here.

[*Exit, c. Goes L.* MORE *knocks on door, R.*

MORE.

[*Calling through door.*] Jane, let me out.

BOB.

[*At door.*] Who is it?

MORE.

Benjamin, of course.

BOB.

[*Opening door.*] Why, Bennie, you're just the person I want to see. What have you been doing in there?

MORE.

I've been writing a letter to you, Jane.

BOB.

A letter! What's the matter with conversation?

MORE.

I thought perhaps you would refuse to see me again and I wasn't going to give you up without this last appeal.

BOB.

[*Snatching letter.*] Why should I refuse to see you? You of all persons in the world?

[*Opens letter.*]

MORE.

But I thought—don't read it now, Jane. It'll sound so silly now—give it back.

BOB.

Oh, go on! Ben, let me keep it. If you love me, let me keep it.

MORE.

Then you were only playing with me before?

BOB.

Ben, I have loved you from the moment I first gazed into your ruby eyes.

MORE.

Jane, I'm the happiest man in the world.

BOB.

[*With assumed hesitancy.*] My name is—
not—Jane. [Hides face, sobs.]

MORE.

[*After long pause.*] What is it?

BOB.

Can't you guess?

MORE.

Edna?

BOB.

Kitty!

MORE.

Kitty! It might be worse. Then you are not Winkler's ward?

BOB.

Not even his district.

MORE.

[*Kissing BOB's hair.*] But I can't give you up, Kitty; it's too late.

BOB.

You mean you are willing to give up Jane for me? [*Rises.*]

MORE.

I'd give up a thousand Janes for one Kitten like you. [*Out o.*]

BOB.

Then come and write what I dictate.

MORE.

[*Sitting at desk L.*] I'd sign my own death warrant for you, Kitty.

BOB.

[*Standing behind chair.*] How he does love me! [*Kisses top of his head. Pulls out a hair.*] He loves me! [*MORE squirms.*] He loves me nit.

MORE.

[*Yelling.*] Ouch!

BOB.

Oh, is that your head, dear?

MORE.

You must think I'm a daisy.

BOB.

More like a cabbage. [*To him.*] Now write —“My dear Winkler.” [MORE *hesitates, rises, whispers twice in BOB's ear.*] Oh,—d-double e-r, of course.

MORE.

[*Sitting and writing.*] I wasn't quite sure.

BOB.

Better break it to him gently, I guess. “I cannot marry Jane, as I love another.” Got that?

MORE.

[*Spelling aloud.*] “A-n-u-t-h-e-r,”—yes.

BOB.

“Respectfully yours, Benjamin More.”

[*Enter SUZETTE, c.*

MORE.

[*Writing.*] “Respectfully yours, Benjamin More.”

BOB.

[*Folding note.*] Take that to Jane, will you, Suzette?

SUZETTE.

Oui, Monsieur.

[*Exit, L.*]

MORE.

And now, Kitty, come to my arms.

[*They embrace. Enter WINKLER, C., from R.*]

WINKLER.

What! Kitty, what are you doing? What do you mean, sir? [*Throws MORE aside.*]

MORE.

[*Frightened.*] Mean? I'd like to know what right you have——

WINKLER.

You would, would you? Very well, I'll show you what right I have—— [*Takes him by collar.*] Kitty, you naughty little flirt, I'll settle with you later. But you, you mean, sneaking, monopolizing old grafter, I'll settle with you outside, right now. [*MORE struggles.*] How many wives do you want, anyway? [*Drags him up C.*] How dare you, sir? Right under my very nose. I'll ship you back to the

agency by the first train. You ungrateful wretch!

[*MORE struggles and calls on KITTY in vain. BOB enjoys it. Exeunt MORE and WINKLER, C.*

BOB.

[*R.*] I wonder what Bennie's love letter says!
[*Opens ; reads.*] "Darling Jane, my heart is all a-quiver with tremors of love." Wouldn't that scald you? [*Enter AUNT JANE, L.*

AUNT JANE.

Young woman, have you seen my brother?

BOB.

Yes, he's just stepped out on a little matter of business.

AUNT JANE.

Was there any one with him? [*Sits R. C.*

BOB.

There was.

AUNT JANE.

A man?

BOB.

I think so.

AUNT JANE.

My man! Did he leave any message?

BOB.

No. He didn't have time—but hold on.
[*Looks at letter in hand.*] Is your name Jane?

AUNT JANE.

Yes.

BOB.

Then Ben must have meant this letter for you.

AUNT JANE.

Let me see. [*Opens letter.*] "Darling Jane." Yes, it is for me. A love letter from him. "Darling Jane, my heart is all a-quiver with tremors of love. [*Sighs.*] Don't send me away. Say but the word and I shall return to be your devoted slave forever. Benjamin More." [*Rises, presses letter to her lips.*] Never in my dreams have I dared to hope for anything so divinely beautiful. I shall answer it at once. Should he return tell him where I am. Ah, Benjamin, Benjamin! [*Exit, L.*]

BOB.

I guess I'd better get these things off before the fun begins.

[*Starts up* R. Enter KITTY and TING,
C., from R.]

KITTY.

[*Trying to get away from TING.*] Young man, you are positively insulting.

[*Goes down L.*

TING.

[*O. Pushing her into room, thinking she is BOB.*] Oh, cut it out.

[*They all discover each other at the same time. TING throws up hands, takes just one look, then runs off O. BOB and KITTY seem to be petrified for a moment, then BOB picks up his skirts and makes a grand rush out. Enter WINKLER, O., from L. BOB bumps into him. Exit BOB.*

WINKLER.

[*Seeing only BOB and calling after him.*] Kitty! Kitty! Come back here. What are you thinking of? [*Holds up his hands in horror.*] Why, the girl's insane. Kitty!

KITTY.

[*Down to O.*] Well?

WINKLER.

[*Turning, sees KITTY for the first time.*] What? [*Down R. O.*] There it is again! Take it away, take it away! That same hallucination! [*Sinks into chair, R.*] Oh! Kitty, are you yourself or somebody else?

KITTY.

I don't know.

WINKLER.

Don't know! Well, how in thunder do you expect me to know, then? That wasn't you that went down the hall, was it?

KITTY.

Certainly not.

WINKLER.

Then who was it?

KITTY.

A masquerader.

WINKLER.

Passing herself off for you?

KITTY.

Passing himself off.

WINKLER.

Him?

KITTY.

Yes, that woman is a man.

WINKLER.

[*Rising.*] A light begins to break in upon me. I thought you didn't look the same. If I

ever lay hands on the villain—— Come on, Kitty, let's get after him. [*Exit, c. Goes to R.*]

KITTY.

I'm beginning to understand too. Wait for me, William.

[*Exit, c. Enter AUNT JANE, L., with writing paper and pen-holder; goes to desk and proceeds to write. Enter SAM with trunk.*]

SAM.

Is this your trunk?

AUNT JANE.

It is—not.

SAM.

[*Going.*] If Ah eber fin' de gentleman what owns dis heah trunk, Ah'll——

[*Exit, c. Goes R. Enter MORE, c., from L. Limping, clothing torn and disarranged, dirty face, but not overdone.*]

MORE.

I beg your pardon, madam.

AUNT JANE.

Oh! [*To herself.*] What a terrible tramp! [*To him.*] Go away, sir. We haven't any cold pieces.

MORE.

Madam, what I want is a bottle of arnica.

AUNT JANE.

[*Rising.*] Oh, dear! Have you met with an accident?

MORE.

I don't know what it was but I met with it all right.

AUNT JANE.

You poor fellow! Perhaps my brother will do something.

MORE.

[*Feeling of eye.*] I think Mr. Winkler has done about all that he can for the present.

AUNT JANE.

[*Offering money.*] Well, here's ten cents for you, poor wretch.

MORE.

[*Throwing money down.*] Madam, I guess you don't know who I am.

AUNT JANE.

I don't know and I don't want to. Leave the room, sir.

MORE.

I had hoped that there might be one member of the Winkler family who would treat Benjamin More with respect.

AUNT JANE.

Are you Benjamin More?

MORE.

What's left of him.

AUNT JANE.

Benjamin More! Oh, what have I done? Benjamin, can you forgive me? I'm your Jane.
[*Throws herself into his arms.*]

MORE.

[*Struggling.*] Madam, what are you doing?

AUNT JANE.

I've read your letter, Ben,—kiss me.

MORE.

[*Trying to get away.*] Not for a thousand dollars.
[*Enter WINKLER, C., from R.*]

WINKLER.

[*Pleased.*] Ah, that's more like it. Congratulations.

MORE.

Help!

AUNT JANE.

Sweetheart.

MORE.

Winkler, call the keeper !

WINKLER.

What for ? She's yours.

MORE.

Mine ?

AUNT JANE.

Yours.

MORE.

Never.

WINKLER.

But you agreed to marry her, didn't you ?

MORE.

[*Getting away from her.*] Why, I've never seen this old lady before.

AUNT JANE.

Old lady ! Oh, Suzette, my salts ! My salts !
[*Exit, L.*]

WINKLER.

I see you're a member of the Ananias Club, sir.

MORE.

I'm engaged to marry Kitty Benders.

WINKLER.

You dare to say that again ——

[*Enter KITTY, C., from R.*]

KITTY.

Have you found him, William?

WINKLER.

Kitty, this person says he's engaged to marry you. Do you deny it?

KITTY.

Oh, William, don't you understand? [L. C.]
It's not me, but the other.

WINKLER.

[C.] What a fool I've been.

MORE.

[R. C.] Is there a twin?

KITTY.

Yes.

MORE.

And you're not the one who promised to marry me?

KITTY.

I'm the one who promised to have you arrested.

MORE.

Then where's my Kitty?

WINKLER.

Now look here, I hired you from the Matrimonial Agency to marry my sister-in-law and by Heaven I'm going to make you carry out the contract.

MORE.

Hired me? Ha! Your cablegrams didn't say anything about your sister-in-law. They implored me to come and marry your niece at once. Benjamin More hasn't been hired by any one.

WINKLER.

Who did you say?

MORE.

Benjamin More, of New York City.

WINKLER.

Do you mean to say you're the Benjamin More I've been waiting for all day?

[Enter JANE, C., from L.

MORE.

I guess I am.

[Sits R.

WINKLER.

Jane, here's your husband. Somebody get a clergyman quick. It's a quarter to six. Explain afterward.

JANE.

Here's Mr. More's refusal in black and white. Remember your promise.

WINKLER.

Then you're willing to let the fortune slip?

JANE.

Not at all. I've been examining that will, Uncle, and it says that unless Benjamin More marries Jane before six o'clock on the seventh of August, the money goes to charity.

WINKLER.

Very true.

JANE.

But it doesn't say his *daughter* Jane.

WINKLER.

Well?

JANE.

Well, if More marries *Aunt* Jane won't the will be carried out to the letter?

WINKLER.

By Jove, I believe you're right, and I'll get the ten thousand just the same, won't I?

JANE.

Of course.

WINKLER.

And ten thousand from Aunt Jane. "Two stones with one bird." Benjamin, it seems to be your cue.

MORE.

I can't do it. I'm promised to Kitty. [*Rises.*]

WINKLER.

Now be careful.

MORE.

The other twin, of course, Winkler.

KITTY.

Mr. More, are you determined to marry this double of mine?

MORE.

Absolutely.

KITTY.

But if, of your own free will, you refuse her,

will you agree to accept *Aunt Jane* for your wife?

MORE.

I am perfectly willing to make that agreement.

[*Enter BOB and TING. BOB with red dress and wig behind him.*]

WINKLER.

Bobbie Baxter!

BOB.

[*c.*] That's my name.

WINKLER.

[*R. c.*] I thought you had drowned yourself.

BOB.

[*Holding up red dress.*] In the Red Sea, yes, but my body has just been re-covered. Think it over.

WINKLER.

Great Joshua!

TING.

[*Handing WINKLER his glasses.*] Your specs, Mr. Winkler.

WINKLER.

[*Putting on glasses.*] I guess I need 'em, you young rascals.

MORE.

What's it mean, Winkler?

WINKLER.

[*Pointing to BOB.*] It means, my dear sir, that there stands the beautiful creature you promised to marry.

BOB.

[*In female voice.*] I'm your little kitten, Bennie.

MORE.

But I can't marry a man.

KITTY.

Then according to your agreement you must marry Aunt Jane.

MORE.

Merciful heavens!

WINKLER.

[*Calling off to L.*] Aunt Jane, Mr. More's changed his mind.

MORE.

Have I?

BOB.

Go on, Ben, take a chance.

MORE.

Oh, well, I don't care what becomes of me now. [*Puts on smoked glasses. Exit, L.*]

BOB.

[*Putting his arm around JANE.*] That clears the coast for us, Jane.

JANE.

I hope you're as glad as I am, Bobbie.
[*They sit on sofa.*]

WINKLER.

[*Ringling bell on table.*] Kitty, I can't spend that twenty thousand alone.

KITTY.

Then I'll retire and help you, old boy.
[*Enter SAM, O., with pad and pencil.*]

SAM.

Did you wanta o'dah sompin', Marse Wink'er?

WINKLER.

Yes. A clergyman for six.

SAM.

[*Smiling.*] Ah've had him waitin' in the kitchen eber since mornin'. [Exit.

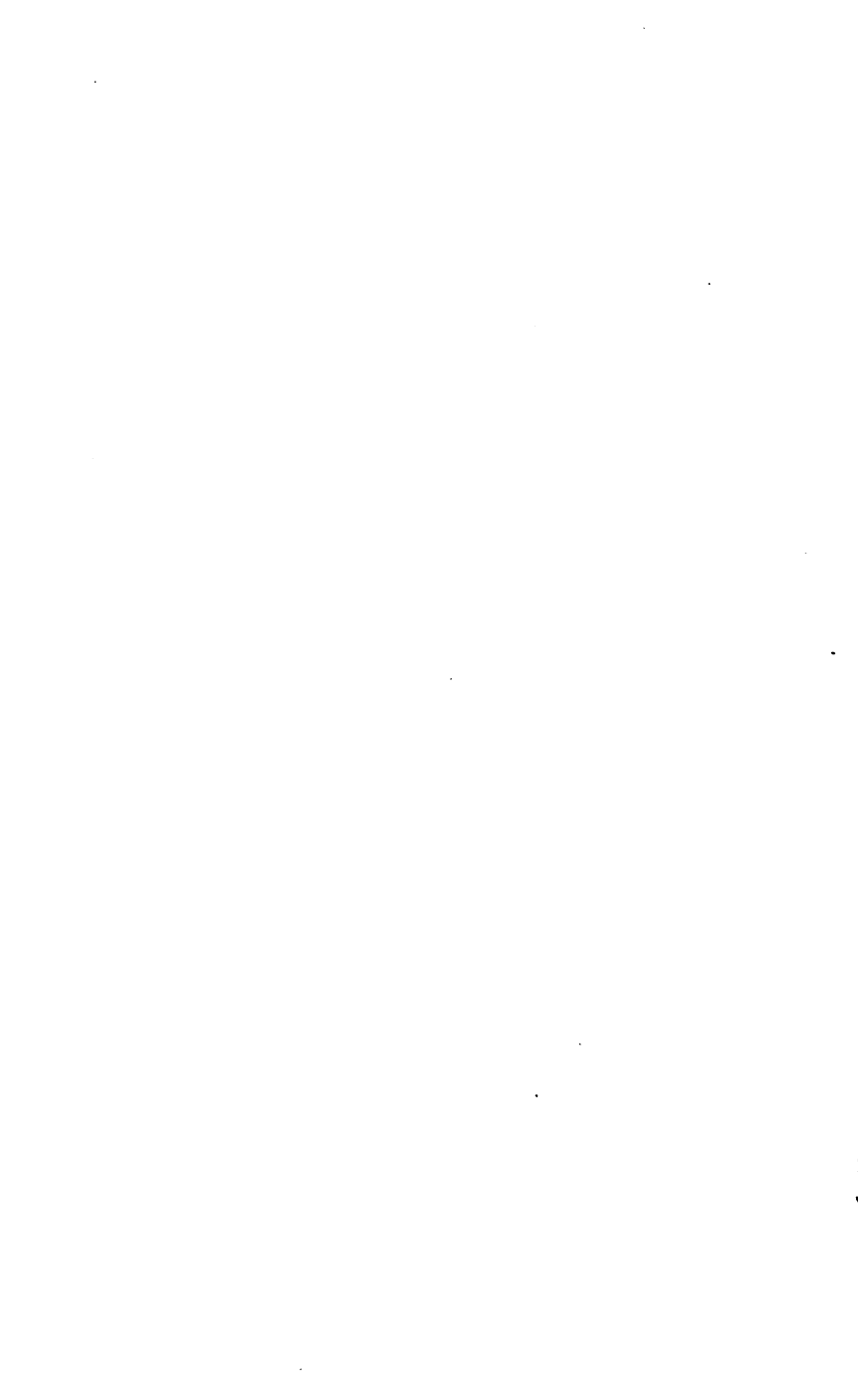
TING.

[*Behind desk.*] I hope you'll all spend your honeymoons at the Halcyon.

WINKLER.

I guess we've spent everything else.

CURTAIN





NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

HONORS ARE EVEN

By Roe Cooper Megrue

Nine men, four women. By doubling of characters, the cast can be reduced to seven men and four women. Easy interior sets. A thrilling play of love, successfully produced at the Selwyn Theatre, New York City. The dramatic values of this play are fully and completely established by the fact, that it was written by the author of "It Pays to Advertise," "Under Cover," and other Broadway successes. The story will fascinate and delight your audience. "Honors Are Even," is one of those rare plays which costs little to produce, but which makes a most pretentious showing. First of all, Belinda Carter is a modern girl; lovely, beautiful, and the daughter of a steel millionaire. She is the target of all masculinity—proposals of marriage to her are as numerous as flakes in a snow-storm. She wearies of them. Along comes John Leighton, a playwright, who secretly falls a victim to her rare charms. But he is not of the marrying kind—he says so himself. The much sought after Miss Carter is perplexed by John's apparent disregard for anything in the nature of martial bliss and his seeming indifference to the marriage state. She becomes interested in him—interest progresses to admiration, and ripens into love. But throughout the progress of evolution, John continues in his frank avowal that marriage may be all right for others, but not for him. The pursuit begins on the sands of Atlantic City's beach—proceeds to John's bungalow a-top one of New York's skyscrapers, and culminates in the steel millionaire's home. This is a play of keen interest; a play of man against woman; a battle of love. For once, man triumphs, but not without the glorification of woman. Enjoyed long runs in New York and Boston, with the popular stars William Courtenay and Lola Fisher in the leading roles. Royalty, \$25.00 for each amateur performance—payable in advance of performance. Rights of production given only under our official contract. Printed books, 75 cents per copy.

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